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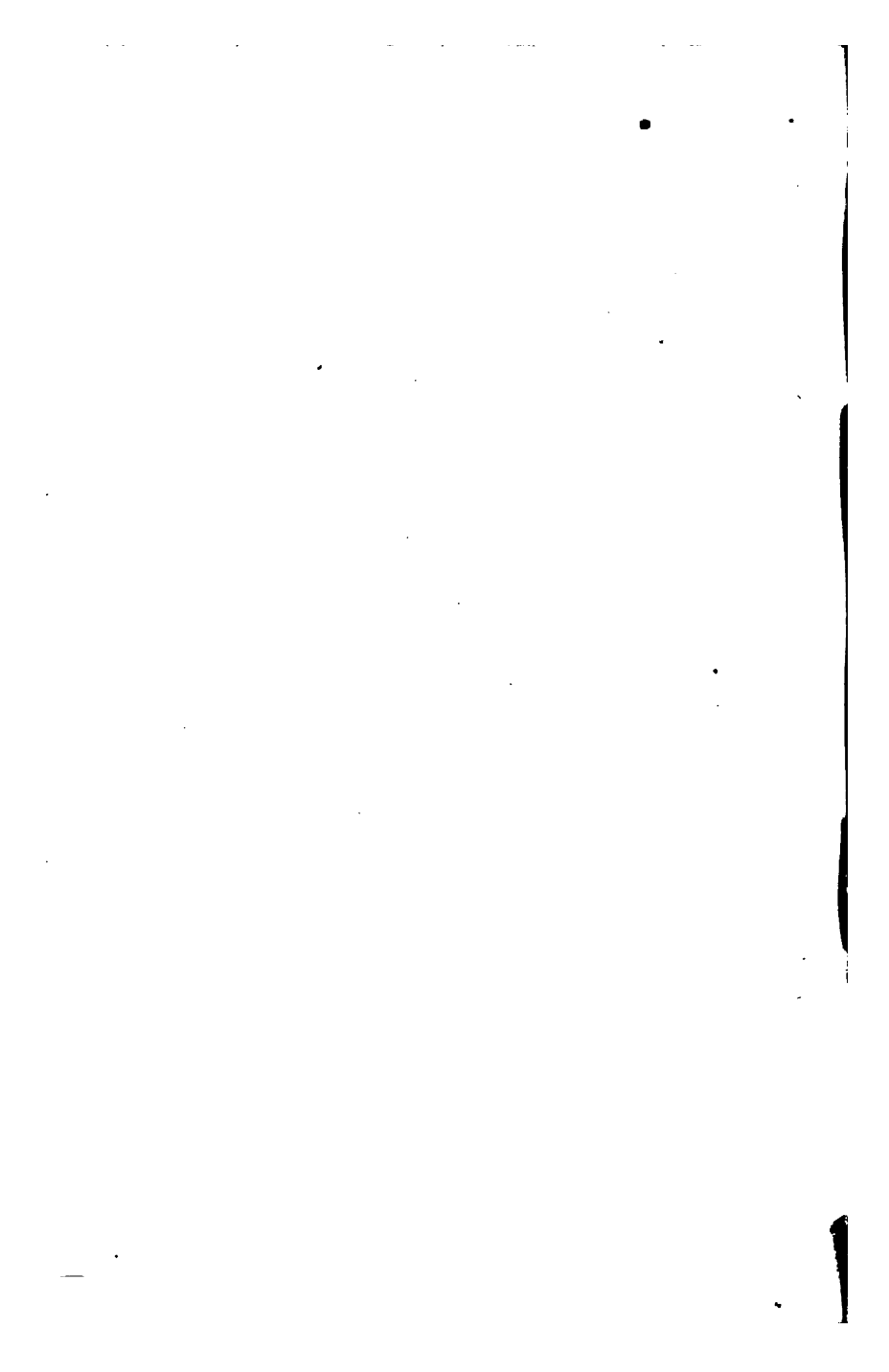
Perceval



^a
Miss S. S. Young

Dear Madam

The Author
Hummels April 1. 1856



HOURS OF MUSING:

BEING A

COLLECTION OF POEMS.

BY

C. S. PERCIVAL.

loc. "It was, indeed, a wondrous sort of bliss,
The lonely bard enjoyed, when forth he walked,
Unpurposed,—
Nor meant to think; but ran, mean time, through vast
Of visionary things." POLLOK.

UTICA:

BENNETT, BACKUS, & HAWLEY, FRANKLIN SQUARE.

1841.

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TO
SIMEON NORTH, A. M.,
PRESIDENT OF
HAMILTON COLLEGE,

this little volume

is inscribed,

with every sentiment of

regard and respect,

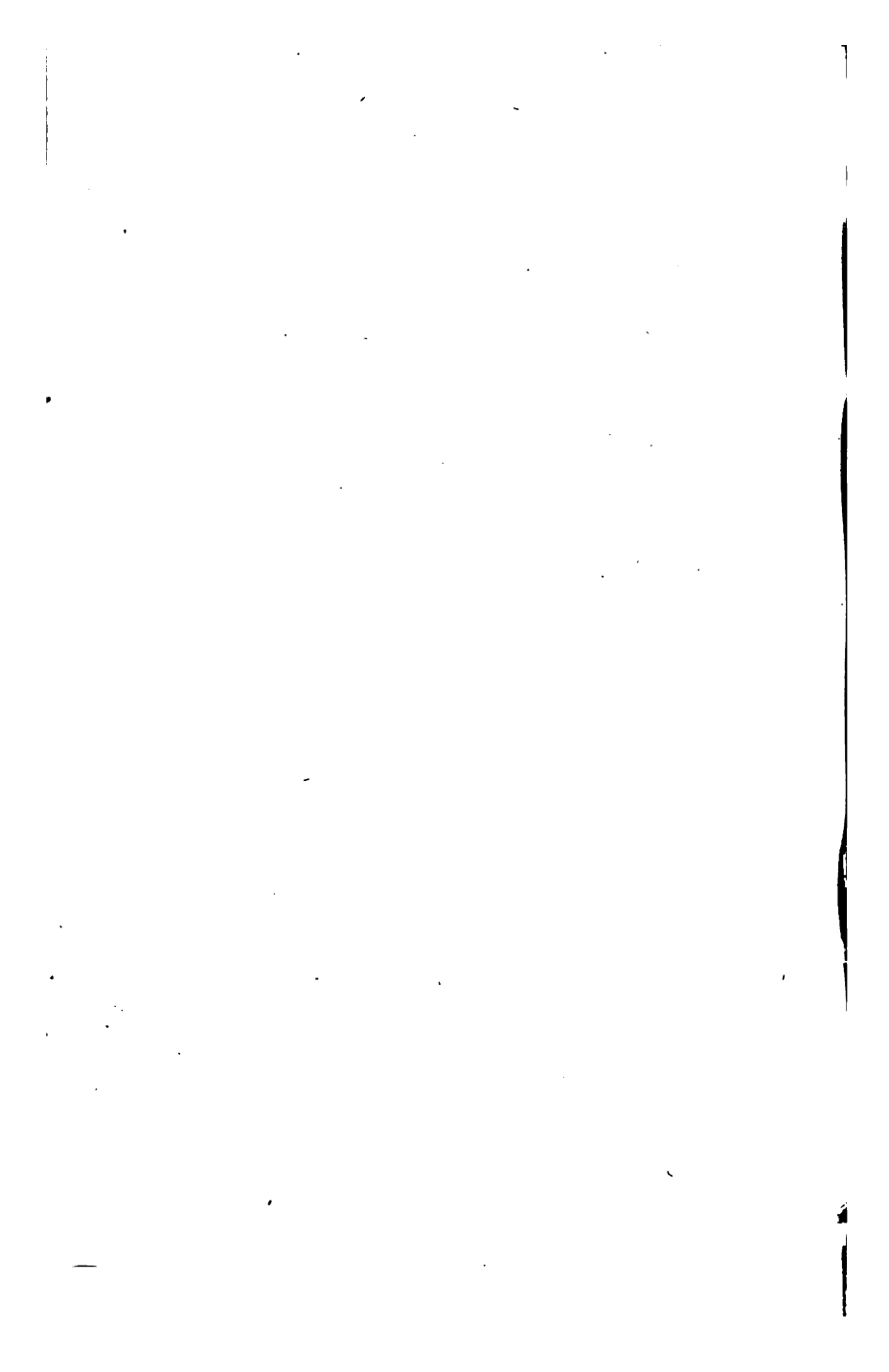
by his

GRATEFUL AND OBLIGED PUPIL,

THE AUTHOR.

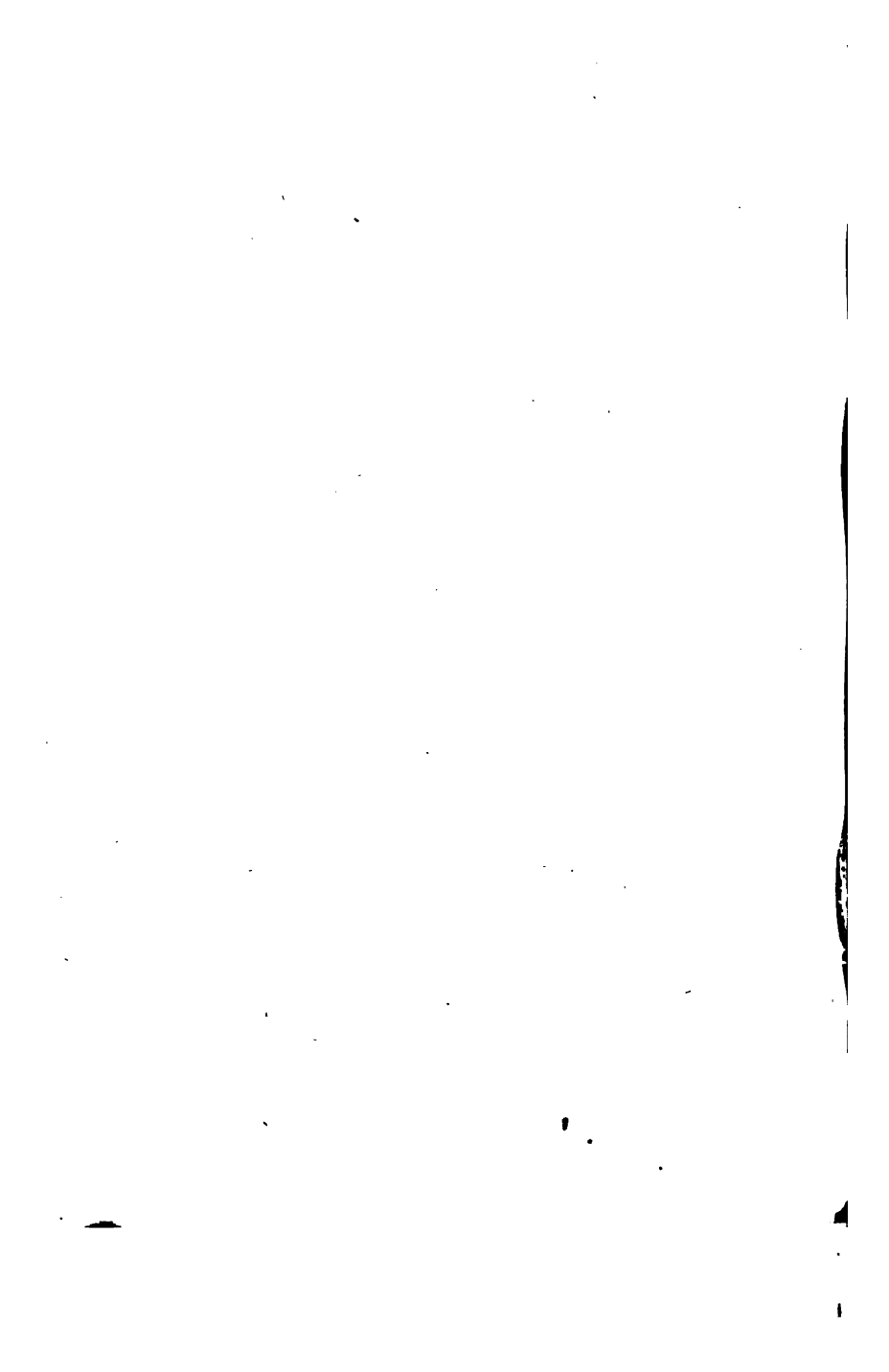
Hamilton College, June, 1841.

WOR 19 FEB '36



ADVERTISEMENT.

An apology for publishing a book has long ago become so stale a thing, that little or no attention is paid to it. But, nevertheless, the author of this little work, begs to be heard "*only this once*," while he says, that the publication of these poems was not so much in accordance with his own inclination, as with the stern demands of necessity. Having entered college with means inadequate to his support, he found that, unless some plan could be devised for his assistance, he would be under the necessity of abandoning his studies: and it was not without the advice of those whose capability of advising he can not doubt, that he took the present step. The following pieces have been thus brought to light, with the hope that a kind and indulgent public will see in them some things, at least, commendable, and, by giving them a liberal patronage, will afford him some assistance in the prosecution of his studies, preparatory to a station of importance and usefulness in active life. The volume is now before the world, with whatever of imperfection it may possess; and, with Byron, the author must say, "would it were worthier"—but "what is writ is writ;" and if the result should show that it has failed both to please the public and profit the author, he must submit it to the fiat of a just oblivion.



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HOURS OF MUSING.

"WHILE I WAS MUSING, THE FIRE BURNED."

He who his fondest bliss hath found,
In Pleasure's gay, fantastic round,
Who lives when only he enjoys
The city's brilliancy and noise,
Who never felt, within his heart,
The charm which Nature can impart,
May scorn, as being false or rude,
The tender joy of solitude.
He never left the vulgar crowd,
Where empty mirth is sounding loud,
To wander forth at eve alone,
And hear the wild bird's gentle tone.
He ne'er forsook his reveling,
To greet the kind return of Spring—
To stray among the op'ning flowers,
And taste the bliss of musing hours.

It is a charm he never feels,
 Which to the poet's bosom steals,
 When—Passion's raging power subdued
 By the low voice of Solitude—
 He woos his muse's gentle sway,
 And, meditative, takes his way,
 Through forest-shades, where murm'ring streams
 Wake in his bosom fancy-dreams—
 Where Contemplation makes her home,
 And bold Intrusion ne'er may come.

Sweet hours of musing! how divine
 Your influence o'er this heart of mine!
 How soothing is your gentle power,
 To calm the soul in sorrow's hour!
 Oft at the evening twilight sweet,
 That time for meditation meet,
 I've rambled in some silent dell,
 While summer dew-drops softly fell,
 And listened to the vesper song,
 Borne on the zephyr's breath along.
 Or roaming on some woody hill,
 Adown which gushed the noisy rill,
 I've watched the sun his exit make,
 Into the distant, shining lake:
 And while I've dreamed the hours away,
 That sweetly close the summer day,
 My spirit oft has caught the fire,
 Which nature's scenes alone inspire:
 And I have mused, till worldly care
 All fled and left me happy there;
 And every sound, that I could hear,
 Brought untold music to my ear.

The warbling brooks, the chanting birds,
 The zephyrs, whispering spirit-words,
 Were fraught with heavenly melody:
 And every sight that I could see,
 Was clothed in untold beauty then,—
 The lake, bright-gleaming in the glen,
 The twilight, glowing in the sky,
 The lovely stars that shone on high—
 All seemed like things divinely given,
 To tell my ravished soul of Heaven.

And I have felt, at that sweet hour,
 The kindling of devotion's power.
 Raptured in joy by such a scene,
 Its mighty Maker's name hath been
 A spell to bind me, stronger far,
 Than twilight sweet or evening star:
 And I have thought this lovely earth,
 Where Nature spreads such beauties forth,
 Her Maker ne'er designed to be
 The sad abode of misery.
 Man must have had, at first, a life
 Free from the dark'ning storms of strife,—
 A soul for aye to taste a bliss,
 As tender, as divine as this:
 Then I have sighed, that he whose joy
 Was thus prepared without alloy,
 Whose God designed that he should be
 In happiness forever free,
 And gave to him immortal breath,
 Without the blighting fear of death,
 Should forge the chains that made him slave,
 And dig the pit that proved his grave.

And I have longed, at such an hour,
 To feel for aye the gentle power
 That sheds such kindly influence,
 O'erruling every baser sense,—
 Transforming earth, where Sorrow sighs,
 Into a blooming Paradise,
 Where Pleasure's own ecstatic note
 Is heard upon the breeze to float.

Those happy hours, when they are fled,
 Continue still their light to shed :
 I feel their influence when, again,
 I mingle in the walks of men.
 I learn to weep for mortal woe,
 Whose chilling hand, where'er we go,
 Has cast a sad and cruel blight
 O'er earth's best sources of delight :
 And, as the scene I ponder o'er,
 I love my God and Nature more ;
 And think, that in our journey here,
 Where life is spent 'twixt smile and tear,
 Nought has a solace for the heart,
 Like that which musing hours impart.

Since childhood's lovely season shed
 Its happy dreams about my head,
 My heart, by Nature's charm subdued,
 Has loved the name of Solitude.
 When Spring, in virgin beauty clad,
 Lights up the earth with radiance glad,
 I love to ramble through the grove,
 Where every songster sings of love,

Where every flower, on turf or bough,
 Seems meet to grace fair Beauty's brow.
 With Contemplation by my side,
 And airy Fancy for my guide,
 I wander on, regardless where,
 Through Nature's bowers, so sweet and fair,
 While vagrant thought is backward cast,
 And Mem'ry's busy with the past.
 Oh! then I love to muse upon
 The days of childhood swiftly gone.
 The op'ning buds, the blooming flowers,
 Bring sweet to mind those happy hours,
 When Life's young tree was blossoming,
 In all the gayety of spring.
 And while each picture in the scene
 Recalls some pleasure, that hath been,
 I'm forced to sigh, with fond regret,
 For hours that I can ne'er forget.

When Autumn pale usurps his sway,
 And drives bright summer far away,
 When mournfully he spreads his gloom,
 So sad, o'er Earth's fair vernal bloom,
 'Tis then the hour I love to be
 Roaming with meditation free:-
 And while in loneliness I stray,
 I'm happy, though I am not gay.
 When forest leaves are withered—sear,
 And every grove is sad and drear:
 When summer fields have lost their sheen,
 And all is brown that late was green,
 When autumn gales their moaning tell,
 And distant cascades sing farewell,

When flowers have ta'en their long, long sleep—
 Oh! then, 'tis bliss itself to weep!
 Then do I love to roam afar
 From human noise and human jar:
 And while I gaze on beauty dead,
 I think of joys that now are fled.
 Each autumn scene brings back to me,
 Some by-gone, faded memory;
 And I am forced to drop a sigh,
 That earthly joys so quickly die.

When Night's dim shadows float along,
 And evening birds begin their song—
 When stars light up their lamps on high,
 And Cynthia mounts the lovely sky,
 Full often, 'neath her stately throne,
 I wander forth to muse alone.
 The nightingale that sings so sweet,
 The cricket chirping at my feet,
 The owl that hoots from out his nest,
 The night-hawk screeching in the west,
 All fill the air with melody—
 A sweet, harmonious symphony:
 And while I list their varied song,
 Borne on the breezes faint along,
 My musing fancy roves afar,
 Through regions high, from star to star:
 She visits every astral light,
 Upon the sparkling vault of night,
 And fills a world, made by her hand,
 With beings from a fairy land.

In these fond moments there's a spell
 Upon me, which no tongue can tell,—
 A gentle, holy influence,
 Unlike the common joys of sense :
 It is a tender ecstasy—
 The sacred charm of pöesy :
 And in these hours, which to the muse belong,
 I love to weave the harmonies of song.

THE SWALLOW'S FAREWELL.

[It is a well-known fact, that swallows suddenly disappear, about the latter part of September.]

The summer months had passed away ;
 September's lurid sun
 Was sending forth his sultry ray,
 The yellow fields upon—

As I, one morn, was wandering,
 Where Fancy's guidance led,
 I saw a swallow, twittering
 Upon his native shed.

Sad, lonely, yet melodious,
 His song was borne away :
 I listened while he warbled thus
 His latest farewell lay.

Adieu to the land, where my infantile wing
 Was taught through the regions of ether to spring :
 Adieu to the scenes which so lovely appear—
 I quickly must leave you, for Autumn is near.

His spirit, e'en now, is pervading the air,
 When the sun has departed to rest in his lair :
 I felt him last night breathing into my nest,
 In spite of the warmth of my feathery vest.

The hollyhock bloomed, and in beauty was bright
 As a rose in the spring, when the sun set at night ;
 But a damp, chilling breath was breathed on it ere morn,
 And when the sun rose, it looked dim and forlorn.

A poisonous dew was sent forth on the breeze,
 And an ague was caught by the leaves of the trees :
 They looked sad the next morning, and have from that day ;
 And the cause is the spirit of Autumn, they say.

In the stillness of midnight, his voice I can hear,
 In murmurings hollow and whisperings drear :
 It is borne on the gale even into our shed,
 And ne'er fails to fill me with trembling and dread.

And even by day he is seen, when the storm
 Raises high in the west its tempestuous form :
 He rides on the cloud that is ruled by his sway,
 And we plainly can see he is looking this way.

And Autumn's rude power will quickly be here ;
 The grass shall be withered, the leaf shall be sere ;
 And I must depart, for how can I remain,
 When the cold breath of Autumn sweeps over the plain ?

The meadow and pond I must now bid adieu,
 Over which, through the summer, so gaily I flew ;
 And the yard where I sung,—I must leave it at last,
 To echo the moan of the wintery blast.

I shall visit the isles of the billowy deep,
 Where the torrid sun hushes the breezes to sleep :
 I shall rest, for a while, on a cocoa-nut tree,
 Then seek an asylum far over the sea.

I shall pass o'er the desert sands, parched by the drouth,
 And shall find me a home in the flowery south ;
 Odoriferous breezes shall bear me away—
 Farewell, native shed, I no longer can stay.

No more I heard, he ceased his song,
 And left the lowly shed,
 To join an emigrating throng,
 In air above my head.

Joyful that feathered host appeared ;
 Their voices filled the air ;
 Their merry-fluttering wings I heard,
 As I stood gazing there.

They passed me by in speedy flight,
 That numerous company,
 And quickly vanished from my sight,
 Into the southern sky.

THE BURIAL OF THE REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER.

He had lived in an age remote from ours,
When the proud oppressor was made to flee;
He had seen the strife of contending powers,
And joined in the struggle for liberty.

He had heard the shrill trumpet's note of gloom,
As it rose on the battle's sulphurous breath:
He had seen the nod of the soldier's plume,
As he bounded over the field of death.

He had seen when the clouds of oppression hung,
Like a gloomy pall o'er our lovely land;
And he heard when the peal of Freedom rung,
And her sceptre gleamed as an angel's wand.

He survived till the race was nearly gone,
That lived in that age of the song and tale;
His comrades were dead, and he stood alone,
Like a hoary tree in a lonely vale.

A race had arisen beneath his eye,
Who had read of the scenes he saw in his prime;
And they scarce could believe, when they saw him die,
That he was a son of that olden time.

But his hairs were white, and his eyes were dim,
That had glisten'd once, in their youthful pride;
A call from eternity summoned him,
And the veteran soldier calmly died.

He was borne to his grave by a martial band,
As if he had died on the battle field,
Where foe met foe with a slaughtering hand,
And the thundering cannon loudly pealed :

But they bore him not from that field of gloom;
Nor were those his friends of that martial day,
Who escorted him now to the lonely tomb,
With the sounding drum and in battle array.

Yet there tottered along by the soldier's bier,
A few of his friends of the time gone by,
Who had stood by his side in that hour of fear,
When they burst the foul bands of slavery.

All lonely they stood by the soldier's grave,
While a tear was bedewing each furrowed face,
As they thought of their youthful comrade brave,
Who was slumbering now in Death's embrace.

They seemed like as many mountain pines,
All withered and bare by the tempest's sway;
That stood quite alone on the mount's confines,
With a trunk now fallen beneath them lay.

They laid him down in his narrow bed,
While sadness reigned in each silent breast;
They fired a salute above his head,
And left the veteran there to rest.

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

Farewell to Summer—her reign now is ended,
Her moments of gladness have taken their flight:
The scenes which so long she enchantingly blended,
Have gone like a dream or a vision of night.

Farewell to Summer—her forest hath faded,
The scenery, once joyful, grows lonely and drear;
The leaves on the boughs, that once pleasantly shaded,
Chill Autumn is now making yellow and sear.

Farewell to Summer—her flowers have perished,
That over our pathway so gaily were spread:
The rose and the violet fondly we cherished,
But now they are withered—are faded and dead.

Farewell to Summer—her birds that were singing
Their matins so gay 'mid the leaves and the flowers,
Away on the breezes their courses are winging,
To a land o'er the ocean, far distant from ours.

Farewell to Summer—her gales that were sharing
The freshness and fragrance of grove and of bower,
Now sadly, through forests all faded, are bearing
The chillness imparted by Autumn's rude power.

Farewell to Summer—her earliest treasures
 Have faded and gone like a gleam in the night.
 And the thought, through the year, of her loveliest pleasures,
 In mem'ry shall greet us with lonely delight.

Farewell to Summer—her exit may bear us
 This truth, that nought pleasant, if earthly, can stay—
 Though youth, with its brightness enchanting, may cheer us,
 This season so joyous is passing away.

Farewell to Summer—her requiems greet us,
 In sounds which the lone breezes waft to our ear:
 Thus joys that are faded, in mem'ry shall meet us,
 And pleasures departed shall call for a tear.

STANZAS.

'Tis sweet to behold, when 'tis passing away,
 The blush in the fading west;
 When, far o'er the mountains, the "Father of day"
 Has sunk in his couch to rest.

And sweet is the sight, when the moon is forth,
 And the stars are shining above;
 When their light that beams on the sleeping earth,
 Makes the night a season for love.

'Tis sweet to behold—when the spring has come—
 The forest in robes so bright;
 When the flowers have returned to their former home,
 To give to the groves delight.

'Tis charming to hear, on the vernal breeze,
 The music of waterfalls sweet;
 When birds, on the boughs of the flowery trees,
 Their matins of joy repeat.

'Tis charming to list to the sound which will wake,
 From the strings of the soft guitar;
 And sweet 'tis to hear, o'er the limpid lake,
 The "mellow horn" sounding afar.

But the sweetest of sights that to me can appear,
 Is what beams in a loved one's eye;
 And the sweetest of music is borne to my ear,
 On the breath of that loved one's sigh.

HOPE AND MEMORY.

Oft I've seen the morning twilight,
 As the day came on apace,
 Gleaming in the eastern sky-light,
 Ere the sun commenced his race:—

Thus, thought I, Hope's gentle beaming,
 From a dark futurity,
 O'er our pathway brightly gleaming,
 Tells of pleasures yet to be.

Oft I've seen the hues of even,
 In the bright, unclouded west,
 Smiling o'er the azure heaven,
 When the sun had gone to rest:—

Thus, thought I, fond Mem'ry lingers,
 O'er the moments fled away,
 Pointing, with her fairy fingers,
 To our pleasures, gone for aye.

SUNSET.

How gentle and calm is the heavenly scene,
 When the day is fast fading along in the sky ;
 When the bright star of even, so sweet and serene,
 In the twilight is peacefully shining on high.

Oh ! thus, when the light of this life fades away,
 May my day sink away in an evening as blest ;
 And thus may the bright star of hope shed its ray,
 To point me in peace to a happier rest.

ALL THINGS ARE FLEETING.

The tint which paints the sky,
At day's declining,
First raises blushing
Its beauteous shining ;
But, chased by shades of night,
In ruthless sway,
This lovely-gleaming light
Soon fades away.

Thus, in this changing world,
All things are fleeting,
Scarcely to us unfurled,
Our senses greeting,
Ere, with destruction sure,
Time, in rude haste,
Makes all that could allure,
A dreary waste.

We see the flowers which Spring
In gladness raises,
We hear gay warblers sing
Their festive praises ;
We see the fields arrayed
In verdure bright ;
The leafy groves displayed,
Our souls' delight :

We look again, the scene
 Is changed to sadness ;
 The fields and forest green
 Are 'rest of gladness ;
 The flowers of varied hue
 Are faded, gone ;
 The birds their last adieu
 Have sung, and flown.

Drear Autumn's chilling hand,
 So stern and savage,
 Has made throughout the land,
 This fearful ravage :
 Thus passing time doth bring
 Us on our course ;
 Alas ! how swift his wing,
 How great his force !

We sport away awhile,
 In merry childhood ;
 Our cheeks wreathed with a smile,
 In gay and wild mood ;
 But soon away must glide
 This shortened span ;
 Time hastens on to guide
 Our course to man.

Youth vainly throws around
 Its sweetest pleasures ;
 They're tasted, and are found
 But fleeting treasures :

Our brightest hopes, made real,
 Would scarce suffice—
 Yet oft each hope ideal
 In blossom dies.

The rays of Friendship bright,
 Love's tender feeling,
 With new and strange delight
 Our bosoms thrilling—
 These cheer us in our youth,
 But they must fade;
 Scarce tasted, they're forsooth
 In Lethe laid.

Wealth holds his glittering gold,
 In view before us;
 Fame's light sheds, as of old,
 Its influence o'er us:
 But gold must quickly rust—
 Fame's beacon die;
 Both name and riches must
 Forgotten lie.

Man passes on his way,
 A thing of sorrow;
 The joy he knows to-day
 May flee to-morrow:
 His race must soon be run—
 How soon, alas!
 His hours of life fleet on,
 And quickly pass.

Yet, though earth's joy must die,
 There is a pleasure,
 Prepared for man on high—
 A blissful treasure :
 Ere joyless thou art cast
 On Death's black sea,
 Oh ! make it thine, 'twill last
 Eternity.

TO COMIS.

Is it a crime to love ? Ah yes !
 Methinks I hear thee sternly say,
 " On him who tastes the unhallowed bliss,
 Let direful vengeance have its sway ! "

It is a crime indeed ; and I
 Must humbly own my guilt to thee :
 To shun my fate I will not try,
 But ask, what is the penalty ?

Already now methinks I see
 The cruel thumbscrew, or the rack,
 Or fiercer engine built for me,
 Or faggots piled around the stake :

But no ! these things have passed away ;
 Nor more they cause their victims' cries ;
 And so, return and search, you say,
 In our own laws, for penalties.

The code from which just laws we learn,
 Contains this law for lawless men,—
 “As he has done, so in return
 Let it be done to him again.”

This is the law by which, at last,
 My righteous doom I would receive,
 And when the firm decree is past,
 I will not ask for a reprieve !

Nor judge nor jury need we now,
 Since I confess my crime to thee ;
 Thou art th’ offended one, and thou
 The executioner shalt be.

Justly condemned, I wait the time,
 Sweet Comis, when the hour shall be
 To seal my fate: love is my crime,
 Then let love be the penalty !

TO THE SAME.

I KNEW ’T WAS LOVE.

We met, as strangers often meet,
 With friendly greeting met,
 As courteous strangers always greet,
 Though often to forget.

Time hurried on : we met again,
 And Friendship met us there,
 And wove for us her golden chain
 And twined her garland fair.

And soon I found those hours so blest
 Delighted more and more :
 Thy presence soon for me possessed
 A charm unknown before.

Why did each moment seem so sweet,
 That I then spent with thee ?
 And why did they so often meet
 My thoughts in memory ?

Why did it give me such delight,
 To think you thought of me ?
 Why did I pass away the night
 In dreams of bliss and thee ?

Why did each place appear so fair,
 Where we had been alone ?
 Why did I love to linger there
 While gentle Cynthia shone ?

Why did that sacred halo shine
 Around one lovely name,
 Lighting my soul with rays divine—
 Dimming the light of fame ?

Ah ! soon I learned the cause of this :
 A spirit from above,
 To spoil or consummate my Miss
 Had come ; I knew 'twas love !

Yes it was love that made thee seem,
 "The fairest of the fair."
 'Twas Love that blest my midnight dream,
 And brought thine image there.

Yes it was Love! and still the same
 Fond passion warms my heart,
 And, Comis, now the blissful flame
 Can never more depart.

And oh! what joy it brings to me—
 The hope that in thy breast,
 Love now has gained admission free,
 And finds a peaceful rest.

I know this joy may pass—this bright
 Anticipation die,—
 My fondest dream of pure delight
 Forever from me fly:

The draught which nectar now appears,
 May prove but sorrow's cup:
 The flame which now my bosom bears,
 May burn my pleasures up:—

But this can surely never be,
 If love reciprocal
 Now binds thy gentle heart to me,
 In union mutual.

But if I now have loved in vain,
 (Which thou alone canst tell,)
 Then hasten, days of lasting pain,
 And, dreams of bliss, farewell!

And yet the silken cord will bind
 As strongly round my heart:
 And in my bosom now I find
 The love-empoisoned dart.

To strive to free myself were vain;
 I could not if I would;
 But then, dear girl, 'tis quite as plain,
I would not if I could!

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF MRS. ———.

The winter is gone and the spring is come
 And the snows that so late were flying,
 Have vanished away, and where'er we roam,
 Sweet flowers will soon be lying.

How swiftly and sweetly the time has passed,
 Since among you I came a stranger;
 But the winter is o'er—I must go at last,
 Through earth's fleeting scenes a ranger.

Sweet hours I have had in the time gone by,
 And I can forget them never;
 And Memory's tear will bedim my eye,
 When I think they have gone forever.

I shall think of thy friendship when I am gone—
 Sweet tie that can ne'er be broken ;
 I have, of its firmness till life is flown,
 Full many a lovely token.

I shall think of thee often when far away,
 And think thou of the youthful rever ;
 And often remember him when you pray,
 To the throne of the Great Jehovah.

KNOXVILLE, March, 1840.

STANZAS.

The Connecticut rolled his silver tide,
 Along in its joyful way ;
 And the flowers of spring, his bank beside,
 Were blossoming sweet and gay.

A fair young girl along that stream,
 Was straying with lightsome tread ;
 Her life as gay as the Naiad's dream,
 Far down in that river's bed.

The fairy hand of Childhood sweet
 Its beauty around her threw,
 And she seemed a playmate gently meet,
 For the flowers that about her grew.

That stream, as he wandered to the sea,
 Loud murmured his way along ;
 And fondly chimed his melody,
 With the notes of her cheerful song.

The vesper wind was wont to play
 With her curls so dark and fair ;
 And the flowers ne'er bloomed so bright and gay,
 As when in her silken hair.

A year passed round—and Spring again
 Walked over the smiling land ;
 But that young maid ne'er gathered then
 Her flowers with a gentle hand !

The Connecticut rolled his silver tide,
 As he had done before ;
 But that sweet girl must roam beside
 His flowery bank no more !

He warbled still his note so dear,
 As he gently flowed along ;
 But sadly it fell on a *sister's* ear—
 'Twas a sister's funeral song !

The vernal breezes played above
 His sweetly murmuring wave ;
 But sad they seemed to the ear of love—
 They moaned o'er a sister's grave !

The loveliest flow'rets blossomed nigh,
 As they were wont to bloom ;
 But sad they seemed to a *sister's* eye—
 They were decking a sister's tomb.

TO COMIS.

GIVE ME THY HEART.

Though kindred, dear Comis, wherever they rove,
Forever must claim thy affection and love,
Though friends, all around thee, thy friendship may prove,
Yet give *me* thy heart!

Though, in days long departed, perhaps though hast met
Some youth whom thy bosom may never forget,
Though thou lovest not new—then remember him; yet,
Oh give *me* thy heart!

Though the friendship of others I'm proud to possess,
Yet thy friendship *alone* can my heart never bless,
If no more thou wilt give, I as well may have less,
Then give me thy heart:

For that *less* would consign me to woe and despair,
And scatter my hopes e'en as vapor and air ;
Then, maid of my heart, deign to answer my prayer,
Give, give me thy heart.

Mine long has been gone, and I know 'tis with thee ;
And still, my dear Comis, with thee let it be :
I ask thee not now to return *mine* to me,
But give me *thy* heart !

A TALE.

There is a gentle flower, that blooms for man,
 And blooms for him alone ; 'twas meant to cheer
 The journey of his earthly pilgrimage,
 And make that bright, which else were dark and drear.
 Its tender fragrance, o'er the path of man,
 Sheds such a heavenly, happy influence,
 That it will make a hovel, happier far
 Than kingly palace, where this flower blooms not ;
 And it will turn a solitary dell,
 Into an Eden, filled with Eden's bliss.
 'Tis quite as pleasant to the cottager,
 As to the king who sits upon a throne :
 'Twill bloom as sweetly in Iowa's wilds, '
 As in the garden of a Persian prince.
 Man's grief its fragrance will alleviate,
 And make his joy a tenfold portion here :
 In health, 'twill be a wreath upon his brow ;
 In sickness, it will shed its healing balm :
 Through life, 'twill prove his sweetest comforter—
 His fondest joy ; and when he dies, 'twill breathe
 The breath of Heaven o'er his dying bed.
 This flower that blooms for man, is *Woman's love* !
 But ah ! that man—vile, ingrate man ! that he
 Should ever crush the flower that blooms for him,
 And, like a viper, blast the earthly hopes
 Of that fair being who had cherished it,

Aye, cherished it to make him happy here—
 Oh! 'tis the blackest shade that life can cast!
 Most cursed story in man's history!

I knew a maiden once of gentle mien,
 Around whose path, the vernal morn of life
 Shed its warm rays of beauty and of hope.
 The radiant glow of youth had graced her brow,
 With loveliness which youth alone imparts.
 If Nature ne'er had given her the charms,
 That dazzle, while admirers fondly gaze,
 Yet she was fair, and she was innocent.
 If Nature ne'er had given her a mind,
 That could have won the praises of a world,
 Yet too intelligent was she, to crave
 The empty, worthless bauble of a name.
 Her earthly wishes never reached beyond
 That sweet and lovely vale—her happy home.
 She seemed by Providence designed to bless
 Some rural haunt, and, with her virtuous smile,
 To cheer the cotter's happy evening hours,
 And make his home a little Paradise.
 Her disposition was as sweet and mild,
 As is the wild dove in her native grove—
 As gentle as the violet, that blooms
 Fair though unnoticed, on its lowly bed.
 The rose of innocence, upon her cheek
 That bloomed so lovely, made her beautiful.
 Her bosom was the seat of pleasing hopes,
 That, telling of the future seemed to say—
 "There's love and happiness prepared for thee."
 Her ductile heart, the home of virtuous joy,
 Was made for love and warmest confidence:

And when she loved, her deep affection proved
 A rock that stemmed the angry storms of fate.
 This ductile heart, these gentle charms, alas !
 Too plainly marked her for the spoiler's power.

There was a youth, whose passion-kindling eye
 Had met this innocent and lovely girl ;
 And he, while gazing on the op'ning flower,
 Resolved (Oh shame !) to blast it in its bloom !
 He was a youth of fair and noble look ;
 A soul beamed from his animated eye,
 And o'er his features, bright as morning's cheek,
 The manly lineaments of beauty traced.
 His stately form, his gentle, pleasing mien,
 His bland accomplishments, with every grace
 That Nature can impart—were such as win
 An easy victory over woman's heart,
 And waken love in her confiding breast.
 He had a mind of noble brilliancy,
 Which won, from every heart, a willing praise.
 His talents, even then, began to pluck
 The laurel wreath, to place it on his brow.
 Alas ! that such a form and such a mind
 Should e'er be joined to such a heart as his !
 His character was known, for he before
 Had been a viper in the home of peace ;
 And yet he was respected and admired,
 And e'en the good did call him *gentleman*—
 A name most passing inappropriate,
 For such a wretch—aye, such *fend* as he !

He saw that maid, so innocent and fair,
 And by his winning grace and soft address,

He gained admittance to her home and heart.
 She thoughtlessly allowed his tender words
 To fall, in honeyed accents, on her ear :
 She lingered fondly in his company,
 And there permitted his alluring smile
 And gentle looks, to steal her heart away.
 She should have fled from his society,
 As if his eye had been a basilisk—
 As if his tongue had been a scorpion—
 His very presence death!—but she did not!
 This was *her* fault, the rest was *his alone*.
 For by his soft and fascinating wiles,
 Her heart was charmed, and, ere she was aware,
 Her hopes were centered in that worthless man.
 A moonlight ramble—leaning on his arm—
 Was e'en the acme of her happiness;
 And from his look, his smile, his flattering words—
 She wildly drank intoxicating bliss.
 Oh! how she loved that vile, degenerate youth!
 Her very soul was bound in his; her self
 Was lost—her being concentrated there.
 Did he as fondly love her in return?
 Ah no! the selfish passion that he felt,
 Could ne'er deserve the sacred name of love.
 If her society e'er gave him joy,
 'Twas what the vulture feels when near the dove.
 His love was that which filled the Syren's breast,
 Who charms her victims only to devour.

Some months passed by—they were her happiest days,
 For she believed him worthy of her love—
 And love deserved is happiness below.

But when he saw her, thus within his grasp,
 The heartless youth, by promise fair yet false,
 Ruined, and then forsook the erring maid !
 Oh ! cursed blot upon humanity !
 Who does not blush, to think that man can be
 Guilty of such a vile ingratitude !
 The faithless youth forsook the ruined maid,
 That loved him so—forsook her in her shame ;
 Left her to bear the world's chill scorn alone,
 And broken-hearted, find an early grave.
 Like a crushed flower that struggles with its fate,
 She sadly lingered on, a lonely one,
 Shut out from an unfeeling world, and left
 By all her youthful mates, in her disgrace.

The guiltless pledge of her confiding love
 Was born, when its vile father, far away,
 Among some other vain and giddy crowd,
 Was reveling in seeming gayety.
 But 'twas a mockery of happiness ;
 For in his blithest hours, the memory
 Of that sweet girl would visit him, and fill
 His aching breast with sadness and remorse.
 And when alone, his black ingratitude
 Would stare him in the face—a spectre grim—
 And it would haunt his dreams, and make his sleep
 A bitter cup, his couch a bed of thorns.
 The draught of happiness he tasted not ;
 For such dark crime its own tormentor is :
 And he who e'er should seek for fields of grain,
 Among the icebergs round the arctic pole,
 Or beds of roses in Sahara's sands—

And find them blooming there—that man might seek
 For happiness in vice and find it not.
 Thus that frail youth—each fascinating art
 Was but a gairish cheat, to tempt his soul :
 And when the wanton's cold and heartless smile
 Was beaming on him, then, with sad regret,
 He thought of her—that lone, forsaken girl,
 That smiled upon him in her innocence.

Disconsolate and weary of her life,
 She lived a year or two a prey to grief.
 The burning tears of heart-felt penitence,
 Fell on her pillow in the midnight hour.
 Her days were spent in sighs: no ray of joy
 E'er brightened up again her mournful eye.
 A happy family was plunged in grief:
 Brothers and sisters, parents dear and friends,
 Mourned o'er her shame as they had never mourned
 Above her stainless grave; they wept for her—
 And e'en their tears were daggers in her heart.
 Oh! how could she endure the painful thought,
 That her own guilt should make the friends she loved,
 Sharers in her disgrace and misery!

The world around was beautiful and gay :
 Yet Nature's gladness but increased her wo.
 She could not bear to hear the merry brook,
 Murmur its note so sweetly as it flowed;
 Nor could she listen to the happy birds,
 That gaily sung their cheerful matin-song—
 Their gayety but told her of the day,
 When she was happy as the summer bird.

She could not bear to see the flowers of spring,
 Blooming along the vale, so sweet and fair—
 They told her of her faded innocence.
 Earth had no charm to heal her broken heart ;
 It was a sad and dreary place—and she
 Longed to repose beneath the silent ground,
 Where she might rest her weary head in peace—
 Where she no more would hear a world's reproach.
 Her love for that vile youth, thus ill repaid,
 Her degradation and her silent grief
 Had done their fatal work. As some frail plant,
 On whose young root the blighting worm has preyed,
 Withers and dies while all its mates are green,—
 So faded that neglected one away,
 Slowly and sadly, 'neath a viper's power.
 Consumption pale (to her a welcome friend)
 Withered the roses, health had planted once
 Upon her gentle cheek, and left, instead,
 The lone and dreary blossoms of the tomb.

Oh ! could her spoiler but have seen her thus,
 Fading away like twilight in the west—
 Could he have seen her meek, forgiving eye,
 And heard her dying lips implore from Heaven
 A blessing on his infant boy and him,
 Yea upon *him*, her guilty *murderer* !
 He would have wept upon her snowy neck,
 Too late, the bitter tear of penitence,
 And craved forgiveness from that injured one :
 And when he saw the earth close over her
 Who loved him thus in life, he would have longed
 To lay him down beside her in the grave,
 That his unbroken rest might there be sweet.

But he saw not her fading cheek, nor heard
 Her dying benediction : far away
 'Mong other scenes was he ; and when he heard,
 That she whom he had ruined, slept in death—
 A start, a passing shudder—and no more
 Of grief in him the busy world beheld.
 But if his heart was not of adamant,
 If his seared conscience was not turned to steel—
 It wakened in his bosom bitter pangs,
 That will not sleep while memory shall live.
 And when at Hymen's gentle shrine he bowed,
 And breathed on other lips his nuptial vow—
 If then he thought not of the vow he made
 To her who slumbered now in Death's cold arms—
 If then he thought not of his infant son
 Forsaken too—'twas that his breast had ceased
 To feel the throbbings of humanity.

Calmly that maiden closed her eyes in death.
 She cast on earth no "longing lingering look :"
 Its power to charm her spirits long had fled,
 And Hope and Peace sweet beckoned her away.
 She left the dreary world, where Sorrow's cup
 Had been her bitter draught : she left the scene
 Of all her ruined hopes ; and we may trust
 That she has found a peaceful, happy home,
 Where *ingrates* never come—where mournful Grief
 Dries up her tears, and where the weary rest.
 Her friends, in sadness, bore her to the tomb :
 They could not mourn her death—they long ago
 Had wept for her untimely fate—and now,
 If fond Affection's tear was in their eye,
 'Twas the renewal of their former grief.

They laid her in a lowly grave ; and there,
 Sweet shall her resting be : no look of scorn
 Shall bring upon her cheek the blush of shame.
 No taunting words from an unfeeling world,
 Shall ever cause the sighing maiden's tear.
 No dreams shall haunt her there ; her grave shall be
 Her peaceful bed, till Time's swift flight is o'er.

That innocent and gentle child survives
 Its frail unhappy mother ; oft I've seen
 The lovely little one, and ne'er before
 Have I beheld so roseate a boy.
 Sweet Childhood's ringlets now are clustering
 Upon his brow ; and Hope, with promise fair,
 Is smiling gently o'er her happy charge.
 His radiant eye has borrowed, for its hue,
 The azure tint that paints the vernal sky.
 His rosy cheek is blooming now as gay,
 As blooms the lily by the water brook.
 A gentle ray of bright intelligence
 Beams mildly from his lovely eye, which tells
 Of a pure soul within : he is indeed
 The guiltless image of his guilty sire,
 Whose lips have never blest his infant son.
 The earliest mem'ry of the bright-eyed boy,
 Recalls not now the image of her face,
 Who faintly smiled upon his infancy,
 And dropped a mother's tear upon his head.
 His heartless father's face he never saw :
 No kind paternal hand e'er smoothed his brow,
 And no paternal kiss e'er pressed his cheek.
 Oh ! he should see him in his loveliness,
 Unconscious of his lonely orphanage—

Should see the rosy smile upon his lip,
 And hear his laugh of boyish innocence,
 And he would long to clasp him in his arms.
 But he ne'er seeks for his neglected boy ;
 The giddy world admire him, and his name
 Scarce e'er is coupled with his infamy.
 Oh when will Virtue take her proper stand,
 And cast on Vice her angry withering frown,
 Till the base ravisher of innocence
 Shall hide his head in ignominious shame !

The erring maiden sleeps beneath the sod,
 And o'er her early grave dim Sadness sits :
 The palest flowers of Summer love to bloom
 In that forsaken spot, and there the bird
 Of evening sings his melancholy song.
 The gloomy mullen bends its lonely head
 In autumn there, sad waving in the wind :
 And the faint breeze, in mournful cadence, tells
 Its tale of sorrow, o'er her sleeping head.
 Ye fair, whose innocence is yet as pure
 As pearly dew-drop on the rose's bud,
 Whose hearts are sacred shrines of happiness,
 And on whose cheeks pale Sorrow never sat,
 Gather around your fallen sister's tomb !
 And while ye list the story of her fall,
 And Fancy hears, upon the autumn air,
 Some gentle spirit sing her requiem—
 So faint and mournful too—Oh ! may ye learn
 A lesson from the fate of Emeline !

REQUIEM.

Soft be the ^{helpers} zephyr's breath
 Over thee sighing,
 Where, in the sleep of death,
 Low thou art lying.
 Sweet may the rose of spring,
 In its first bloom
 Over thee blossoming,
 Shed its perfume.

Faint be the parting ray
 Over thee shining,
 When the long summer day
 Fast is declining.
 Low may the vesper tone
 Sigh o'er the spot,
 Where the forsaken one
 Slumbers forgot.

Peace to thy weary head,
 Down on its pillow,
 While o'er thy lowly bed,
 Waves the sad willow !
 Gently, Oh ! gently rest,
 Now in thy tomb,
 Far from thy sleeping breast
 Sadness and gloom.

Here shall no thought of shame
 Trouble thy sleeping,
 While o'er thy fallen fame,
 Dew-drops are weeping !

Here shall thy sorrow flee
 From thee away,
 Here shall thy resting be
 Sweet and for aye !

POEMS OF AN EARLY DATE.

DREAMS.

When night in darkness shrouds the land,
 And all mankind beneath the hand
 Of guardian angels—have retired
 T' enjoy the rest which God required
 To be man's necessary rest—
 Then all, by gentle Sleep caressed,
 Held in his strong yet fond embrace,
 Again their path of life retrace.
 In visions wild, they then renew,
 The scenes which they have once passed through—
 The scenes of pleasure, where they felt
 Their hearts in sweetest friendship melt—
 Blest hours of happiness and love,
 Dawning upon them from above.
 In visions bright they seem to see
 Deep into dark futurity.

They dream of pleasures which indeed
 Their happiest waking hours exceed ;
 They dream of joys which ne'er before,
 They thought for them were laid in store :
 And every thought, which they assay
 T' amuse their fancy with by day,
 Is wildly realized by night,
 In dreams of pleasure and delight.

All—all awake as morning light
 Revisits earth and greets their sight ;
 And while again, in memory,
 Their vagrant, foolish dreams they see,
 They're forced, though sadly, to confess,
 All is an empty nothingness :
 So Folly's pleasures, when they're past,
 And viewed by Wisdom's light at last,
 Appear like dreams at morning light,
 Vain, empty visions of the night.

THE ADDRESS OF "THE GRAPE-GATHERER,"

(A minikin newspaper, written in Stockbridge Academy.)

I come in humble form, 'tis true,
 And clad in robes of lowly guise ;
 But for this, readers, surely you
 Will not my worth despise.

'Tis not the sweetest flower that blooms,
 Which lifts its head so loftily,
 But many a flow'ret sweeter blooms,
 Hid in obscurity.

Thus Fate has circumscribed my state,
 And hidden from the world my name,
 I dwell not now among the great,
 Nor strive to build my fame.

The high-soul'd, burning eloquence
 Which senates hear, the poesy
 Glowing with lofty thought intense,
 I do not bring with me :

But what to me is more than they,
 I bring the youthful thoughts with me,
 Of those who future poets, yea
 And orators may be.

Then, gentle students, I would crave
 A kind acceptance now from you ;
 And I your brightest thoughts will save,
 If they be chaste and true :

But noxious weeds, of ugly shapes,
 We ne'er receive within a bower ;
 So while I cull the sweetest grapes,
 I shall neglect the sour.

THE SCHOOL-BOY'S COMPLAINT.

Oh! what a woeful lot have I,
 A student of the Academy!
 What tasks to learn, while slow away
 Passes, like years, the live-long day!
 I'm tired to death of grammar rules,
 And think the men who made them fools;—
 As though we can't speak well enough,
 Without their noun-and-pronoun stuff!
 The very name "Arithmetic"
 Is quite enough to make me sick:
 Addition and Subtraction! oh,
 Would to Oblivion they might go!
 Whene'er (and oft it is) I find
 A problem hard, I've then a mind
 To go to sleep, and so, no doubt,
 I finally might *dream it out*:
 But when I think my eyes to close,
 And give to Lethe all my woes,
 When Fancy's hand begins to rear
 Her lofty castles in the air,
 Sudden they fall with thundering smash,
 And I am wakened by the crash.
 But grammar, 'rithmetic, and all,
 Do not begin my heart to appall,
 As does that horrid apparition,
 That pest of school-boys—"Composition!"

'Tis worse than all in fable told,
 Of monstrous images of old—
 More frightful than Medusa's head,
 More odious than the Harpies dread—
 More to be shunned than Scylla's rock,
 Or dire Charybdis' whirlpool shock—
 More to be feared than spectral gleams
 Or goblins grim or night-mare dreams.
 Yet once a week this direful thing
 I'm forced to meet; would I could bring
 Sufficient force to kill or banish,
 So that her form from earth might vanish.
 'Tis strange that I'm desired to learn;
 I do not wish, at all, to earn,
 By study here, a glorious name,
 And enter in the ranks of fame.
 I would prefer to live in peace,
 And not for learning sell my ease.
 The wisest man of all the men,
 That ever lived or will again,
 Said knowledge doth consist of pain :
 He should have added, it is plain,
 "If painful be the mere possession,
 Thrice ~~horrid~~ horrid is the acquisition!"

A MUS.CULAR AFFRAY.

Old Time's jarring steps cause to crumbl
 The effects of the architect's toil;
 And segments to earth will successively tumble,
 Till nothing is left but a spoil.

And it happened in our "hall of science,"
 That a portion of ceiling above,
 Which to shocks of rude years, long had bidden defiance,
 Fell down—my assertion to prove.

Perhaps the great cause was the pressure
 Of knowledge, here carefully pent,
 Which, if ever compressed by too galling a measure,
 Would somewhere, of course, find a vent.

Be this as it may; it did leave there
 An entrance for cruel Jack Frost:
 And by all that is cold, I sincerely believe there
 Was no opportunity lost.

For if fingers and toes could have spoken,
 They had told of the grief they were in;
 And the way that the wind whistled through the place broken,
 As Crocket would say, was a sin.

Perhaps 'twas the breath of the Genius,
 Who, making that place his abode,
 Inspires us with visions of fame, and will screen us
 From dullness—a burdensome load.

Students thought he intended to freeze them,
 And, shivering and shaking all o'er,
 Declared, if 'twas so, that it never could please them,
 To court his fair smiles any more.

But some finger, with friendly intention,
 Performed a kind act for the rest,
 By papering the spot, in the way of prevention,
 To such an unmannerly guest.

But think how Fate ordered to cheat us!
 An enemy, though not so cold,
 Ne'ertheless to our faces determined to treat us
 With as much disrespect as the old.

A quadruped, known to Grimalkin,
 His faculties *dental* employed,
 Till a part of the kindly benevolent calking
 By him was quite rudely destroyed.

'Twas one of the muses, or *mouses*,
 (And where is the diff'rence between 'em?)
 That always attend scientific houses,
 And in private ones too, I have seen 'em!

Perhaps he did wish (the poor mortal!)
 For a portion of science below;
 And his gnawing was merely to open a portal,
 That knowledge might up to him flow.

But the motive that prompted the *critter*,
 Was unknown to the students within;
 So the sight did cause many an urchin to titter,
 Which soon made a horrible din.

No wonder that these things should send to
 Our teacher more cares than *would do*;
 For he surely had *bipeds* enough to attend to,
 Without *quadrupeds* vexing him too.

He gave a fierce glance at the culprit,
 Thus working away without rule,
 And declared the intruder should have his young skull split,
 For breaking "*the orders of school.*"

He seized on a weapon so thick thro',
 T'would have sent a huge elephant reeling;
 He struck at the foe, and—*mirabile dictu*!—
 He mortally wounded—the *ceiling*!

AMERICA.

(A fragment of a poem, spoken at a public exhibition, at
 Stockbridge Academy, February, 1839.

* * * * While nations stood,
 By war and carnage deluged all in blood—
 While oriental cities rose and fell,
 Jarring the earth beneath the mighty spell—
 While haughty kings lived, reigned, and found a tomb,
 To be forgot; here was our now proud home!

Here had she been since Time his race begun ;
Here his swift evolutions he had run ;
But fleeting years brought not one ray to bless
• This long, dark midnight of forgetfulness.

* * * * *

The seasons all successive went and came,
But through the passing year, it was the same—
Lonely and drear : in brightest spring-time, when
New foliage o'erspread the hill and glen,
Or when the heat of Summer's sun had dried
The murm'ring rills, upon the mountain's side,
Or when the chilling breath of Autumn drear
Had chased the verdure from the forest sear,
Or when dread Winter reigned in silence chill—
It was the same—sad, solitary still.
For when glad Spring had decked the forest green,
No fair and flowery meadows might be seen,
Or lambkins, skipping in their sportive train,
Or ploughmen toiling on the fertile plain.
When Summer's heat had burdened every breeze,
And songless birds reposed among the trees,
Then there appeared no fields of yellow corn,
Waving before the softest breath of morn.
Autumn no golden store of fruit could show ;
Winter, nought but a forest clad in snow.
All was a gloomy wilderness, save where
The level prairie spread itself afar,
With many a buffalo, in native pride,
Feeding along the river's grassy side ;—
Or where the Rocky Mountains, towering high,
Their snow-clad summits reared into the sky,

Where the lone eagle made his drear abode,
 Far—far above where human foot e'er trod,
 Where, standing on the rock's projecting hight,
 He seemed sad Desolation's guardian sprite ;—
 Or where the mighty lake, out-spreading wide,
 Appeared as 'twere an ocean's boundless tide,
 With countless sea-fowls slowly flying o'er,
 Or nesting on the solitary shore ;—
 All, save on these, was nought but forest-gloom :
 It seemed, indeed, some fallen world's lone tomb,
 Where, by the potent arm of Vengeance laid,
 She slept beneath Oblivion's dark shade.

Among these scenes of Nature dwelt a race
 Of men—fit owners of their native place ;
 For as the glens and hills and forest lone,
 Where they pursued their game, were Nature's own,
 So they were Nature's children ; by her rule
 Alone were governed, taught but in her school.
 They seemed to hold a rank between the brute
 And man enlightened ; earth's spontaneous fruit
 Served for their daily bread, with which content,
 Their thoughts towards future gain were never bent.
 The hostile warriors, on their native plains,
 With bravery fought, covered with crimson stains.
 They dropped by thousands on the slippery ground,
 And o'er their mangled clay, the lofty mound
 Was by their comrades reared, their sons to tell,
 Where many a sachem, boldly fighting, fell.

* * * * *

Years swift have fled,—but what a change is here !
 What revolutions, in their strange career,

Have passed upon the earth! America,
 That howling wilderness, where but the sway
 Of savages was known, where beasts of prey
 Roamed in the forest, which the light of day
 Could scarcely penetrate—what now is she?
 The earth's just pride, the Country of the Free!
 That band of pilgrims spread, as did, of old,
 The cloud by ancient Hebrew seer foretold,
 Which, though a speck upon the distant sky,
 Expanded o'er the mighty concave high.
 Th' unbroken forest from before them fled;
 And cities great have risen in its stead.
 What now remains, of that vast wilderness,
 Is left to cheer the prospect, and to bless
 The hearts of happy mortals, who may love
 Among fair Nature's noble scenes to rove.
 The husbandman upon the fruitful plain,
 Now, in each autumn, reaps the yellow grain:
 And school-boy shouts, upon the passing gale,
 Come up melodious from the lovely vale.
 America now stands upon the height
 Of power: in her young but lordly might,
 She made the Despot tremble, as she taught
 The proud oppressor how her brave sons fought.
 In every realm, upon the distant sea,
 Her starry banner waves in triumph free:
 And round her shores, proud fleets now deck the flood,
 Where all, before, was "Ocean's solitude."
 She sits upon the summit, now, of Fame;
 And ancient kingdoms ne'er could boast a name,
 More glorious than her own; even Greece and Rome
 Could scarcely vie with our exalted home.

But where, alas! are now those dusky men,
 Who once inhabited the forest glen?
 A voice from Lethe, as her wave rolls on,
 Comes up, in accents audible,—“*They’ve gone!*”
 Yes, they have gone; within the forest drear,
 No more, with steps alert, they’ll chase the deer.
 The bloody warrior’s shout no more shall rise,
 From off the battle field, up to the skies:
 And the loud war-whoop, borne upon the gale,
 Shall echo ne’er again, from vale to vale.
 Save a small remnant, on the western shore,
 Those powerful Indian tribes are now no more.
 There a few warriors still pursue the chase,
 Though but a shadow of the mighty race.
 There the shrill war-song now may echo free,
 But even there it soon shall cease to be:
 For, as if born to live in darkness, they,
 Before the light of knowledge, fade away;
 And, standing now upon Time’s narrow brink,
 They soon into oblivion shall sink.
 The mound yet stands upon the western plains,
 And, o’er the warrior’s tomb, lone silence reigns:
 Green verdure grows above his dust forgot;
 And in the autumn o’er the lonely spot,
 The long grass, standing where the red men fell,
 Sighs to the passing gale, their last farewell.

ENOCH.

"And Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him."

'Twas at the early dawn of time,
 When Earth was young, and in her prime,
 Ere God, in vengeance, sent his flood,
 To drown the scoffing multitude :
 It was allowed that man might see
 Ages pass to eternity,
 Before his body he must lay,
 Beneath the cold and silent clay.
 'Twas not as now, when mortal man,
 Confined to three score years and ten,
 Can scarcely see a hope mature,
 Ere, like an early-fading flower,
 The locks that round his forehead wave,
 Must whiten for the gloomy grave.
 But his long race, though it might last,
 While ages thus rolled slowly past,
 Must have an end ;—Man's history—
 Replete with many a century,
 That well the lengthened scroll supplied—
 Ended with two short words—"*He died.*"

But there was one, beloved of God,
 Who through the earth in virtue trod ;

And when his pilgrimage was o'er,
 And time with him could be no more,
 Not like the rest, his exit he
 Did make into eternity.
 No rank disease, the seed of death,
 Took then away his vital breath :
 No parting sighs and tears were shed,
 By friends around his dying bed.
 No mourners sad his corse did bear,
 In sorrow to the grave-yard drear ;
 And there no rattling clods did tell,
 To aching hearts, his last farewell.
 No lovely flowers of summer shed
 Their balmy fragrance o'er his head ;
 Nor did the tuneful birds of spring
 Their matins o'er his ashes sing.
 Beneath the briny ocean deep,
 He mouldered not, where monsters creep,
 Where pearls shine fair, and corals grow,
 Among the caverns far below.

He did not pass Death's awful flood—
 Upon the earth he walked with God—
 His journey done, God bade him come,
 And smiled on him, and took him home.

THE NEWLY-WEDDED.

The long, long wished-for time has come, at last,
 To which Anticipation looked with joy;
 'Tis come, and all the bliss, that, in the past,
 Bright Fancy saw, you taste without alloy.

'Tis come, and you have left youth's joyful ranks,
 To travel, hand in hand, through scenes untried,
 To gather flowers, from off Time's smoothest banks,
 Or brave the storms upon his angry tide.

Oh! joy be with you, happy—happy pair!
 Still may you cull the flowers of youthful love;
 And when in time no more this bliss you share,
 Then may you pluck a brighter wreath above.

STANZAS.

"Well, peace to thy heart, though another's it be,
 And health to thy cheek, though it bloom not for me."—MOORE.

When first, upon that wedding night,
 My eyes beheld thy youthful form,
 Thy beauty did my heart delight,
 With beauty's own resistless charm.

How passed the joyful moments on,
 In youth's fond, thoughtless revelry !
 And, though forever they have gone,
 They're pleasant still in memory.

Ah ! thou canst ne'er that night forget ;
 I know those moments gave thee joy,
 And even now, a sad regret
 Will mingle—memory's alloy.

'Twas at the close of autumn drear,
 When vegetation's last farewell
 The sighing blast brings to the ear,
 Lone as a distant funeral-knell.

Congenial with my present feeling,
 Would be that lonely season now ;
 When grief's cold reign my joy is stealing,
 Depicting sadness on my brow.

We parted—and methought thy eye
 Glistened as the tear half started ;
 Methought thy lovely cheek glowed high—
 But let that pass—alas ! we parted.

We met again, when months had flown
 Swift in their course—we met in gladness ;
 With happiness before unknown,
 I met thee—but to part in sadness.

But let it go—that painful dart,
 Which to my inmost soul was sped,
 When thou didst say, ere we did part,
 That thou wert shortly to be wed.

Yes, let it go—though we did part,
 And time has swiftly onward flown,
 And thou art wed, and my young heart,
 Is sad, disconsolate and lone—

Yet, let it go ; I'll envy not
 Thy consort's joy, though grief to me ;
 Though his can never be my lot,
 I surely wish him well for thee.

Oh ! mayst thou live in pleasure glad—
 Thy bliss a gently flowing rill,—
 For me to know that thou art sad,
 Would make my sadness sadder still.

I wish thee joy, where'er thou goest ;
 Mayst ne'er regret thy bridal vow ;
 Mayst know, through life, the bliss thou knowest,
 A "Honey moon" as bright as now.

And if, when I am far from thee,
 Thou 'lt think of me in some lone hour,
 And drop one sigh for memory ;
 * Thus blest, I ne'er can ask for more.

Perhaps, when future days appear,
 For some fair one my love may be ;
 But can more bliss await me here,
 Than when I thought thou lovedst me ?

I would not say I love thee now,
 It is what never might be said,
 To one who's made her nuptial vow,
 Who sleeps upon her nuptial bed :

And though I say I loved thee ever ;
 It still boots not to talk of love,
 Since marriage ties it can not sever,
 Nor alter the decrees above :

But since relentless Fate hath said,
 To love's fond shrine I must not bend ;
 Since hopes like this are withered—dead,
 Then grant to me the name of friend.

But fare thee well, I now must say,
 Though sad that word sounds as a knell ;
 And, since it parts us two for aye,
 Then once again, a long farewell !
 August, 1838.

LINES,

To a young lady, who, at an evening party, accused the
 author of rudeness.

Dear girl, if I am sometimes gay,
 And mirth is too much unsubdued,
 When blithesome passions hold their sway,
 Don't think me rude.

Think not,—because that when I meet
 A youthful band in concert glad,
 Mirth strays too far with wandoring feet—
 I'm never sad :

Ah! think not so; for oft with me,
 Sad Melancholy makes her home,
 Subduing every thought of glee,
 Where'er I roam.

When autumn winds sigh o'er the plain,
 Or through the leaf-deserted bower,
 In them I hear a lonely strain,
 In sorrow's hour.

Their mournful sound brings to my ear,
 For summer gone, a solemn knell;
 To leaves and flowers 'in them I hear
 A sad farewell.

And when I view the self-same spot,
 Where my bright boyhood gaily played,
 The orchard fair and meadow lot,
 Where oft I strayed,—

And think those happy hours have fled—
 The happiest life e'er gives us here—
 O'er pleasures gone I'm forced to shed
 "A silent tear."

But, though these seasons thus may fill
 My heart with sadness and regret,
 Though they are fraught with sorrow, still
 'Tis sweet when met.

I love sad Autumn's loneliness,
 When vegetation's passed away
 With all its charms, nor love the less,
 Because not gay.

I love to wander in the grove,
 When yellow leaves fall round me fast—
 Emblems of faded hopes, or love
 Worn out at last.

I love to hear the robin sing
 His melancholy farewell lay,
 Before he spreads his buoyant wing,
 And flies away.

I love to ramble musingly,
 Through fields where I was wont to chase
 The gaily colored butterfly,
 In infant days.

And then 'tis sweet to wander near
 The brook, in childhood so well known,
 For in its sounds a voice I hear,
 From days bygone.

Yet, these are scenes that always fill
 My heart with sorrow—sad and lone ;
 Though sweet, they're fraught with sadness still,
 And mirth is flown :—

Then do not think—because that when
 I meet the young, in concert glad,
 My thoughtless heart is happy then—
 I'm never sad.

DISAPPOINTED LOVE.

Alas! I knew that I was born to sorrow!
 But little did I think the very thing,
 From which I hoped my highest bliss to borrow,
 Would prove the greatest cause of suffering.

And yet, 'tis so; a tree I fondly cherished,
 Whose thorns were hid by flowers divinely fair;
 But autumn came; its leaves and flowers have perished.
 And piercing thorns alone are rankling there.

ELEGY ON AN INDIAN BURYING-GROUND.

Proud stranger, pass by, if thy tears can not flow,
 O'er the grave where the plebian rests from his wo;
 If grandeur alone can from thee claim a tear,
 Pass by, for the *Indian* lies slumbering here.

No monument rises to tell of his fame,—
 Not even is chiseled in marble, a name;
 Yet, he sleeps quite as sweetly, thus low in his gloom,
 As if a huge pyramid rose o'er his tomb.

Unmarked the rude graves now appear to the view,
 And no mound has arisen all recent and new ;
 For some swift-fleeting years have passed by as a breath,
 Since the last corse was laid here to slumber in death.

No lover and friend come to weep o'er the tomb
 Of those so beloved, in life's transient bloom ;
 For they've gone far away, towards the setting of sun,
 There to lay their cold bones, when life's journey is done.

Ye "Sons of the forest," sleep on in your beds ;
 Ye hear not my footsteps, now over your heads ;
 Ye hear not my voice, as 'tis wafted away,
 O'er the spot where your slumbering ashes decay.

Oneida's broad stream is yet rolling in pride,
 And in its blue waters, the speckled fish glide ;
 But never again shall ye thither repair,
 To take the rich treasure, now gamboling there.

I see some blue smoke, at a distance, arise,
 And vanish away in the dark autumn skies—
 But from the low wigwam, that stood in the glen,
 That pale, dusky column ne'er rises again.

Some voice, from afar, faintly breaks on my ear,
 And methinks, for a moment, your war-song I hear ;
 But no ! your wild voices, that rose on the gale,
 Ne'er again shall be echoed o'er mountain and vale.

Ye Sons of the Mighty, your spirits have flown,
 To the Great Spirit's country ; where grief ne'er is known ;
 And there ye are blest, though your names shall be laid,
 Forever in gloomy Oblivion's shade.

I sigh when I think that, afar in the west,
 The last of your race are now perishing fast—
 That many have thither been driven away,
 From the home of their infancy banished for aye.

Then I tremble to think, that kind Heaven is just ;
 That, though vengeance may sleep, yet awaken it must,
 If no breeze can blow over America's sod,
 But it wafts up an Indian's complaint to his God.

Ah ! there are dark shades on Columbia's name—
 Shades that tarnish the sheen of her blood-purchased fame :
 For oh ! in the "Land of the Free," we must view
 The Indian's Oppressor and African's too !

TO THE CRICKET.

Sing on, little cricket, sing on,
 Though a loneliness saddens thy tone ;
 Thou causest my gayness to flee,
 Yet thy note hath a pleasure for me.

Sing on, little cricket, sing on,
 For Day, with his splendor is gone ;
 And Night, in solemnity, sheds
 Her gloominess over our heads.

Sing on, little cricket, sing on,
 For the bird now his carol hath done ;
 And, resting him on the green tree,
 He resigns his commission to thee :

Then sing, little cricket, sing on,
 'Till the darkness of night shall have gone;
 Sweeter now is thy chirping to me,
 Than the bird's gayest singing could be.

Sing on, little cricket, sing on,
 For thou tellest of days that are gone;
 When, in childhood, I wandered by night,
 To list to thy song with delight.

Then sing, little cricket, sing on;
 It is meet that thy note should be lone,
 As the farewell of days that are gone—
 Sing on, little cricket, sing on.

POEMS OF A LATER PERIOD.

THE SLEEPING PHENOMENON.

"His name is Thos. Bradly, aged 22 years; and he has had two somniferous attacks previous to the present one. The first lasted but a few weeks; the second during a period of forty weeks, and the present sleep has continued *exactly fifty-two weeks!*" *Halifax Guardian.*

Wake, Sleeper, arouse thee! how long wilt thou be
 Thus bound in a slumber, so silent and deep?
 The voices of loved ones are calling to thee,
 And Affection is weeping,—awake from thy sleep!

Wake, sleeper, awake! thou hast wasted away
 The fairest of seasons allotted us here.
 When the robin sung sweet on the flowery spray,
 Why fell not his note on thy slumbering ear?

Wake, sleeper, awake! for now Autumn has come,
 With a vesture of gloom for the mountain and dell;
 Bright Summer is fled from her own happy home—
 Wake, Sleeper, and bid her a lonely farewell!

What demon has bound thee, in fetters so fast,
 That Nature herself strives to break them, in vain?
 Has the gentle god, Slumber, turned traitor, at last,
 By closing thy eyes, ne'er to ope them again?

Perhaps, while he held thee in balmy repose,
 Thy soul, wearied long with calamity here,
 Fled joyful away, from this scene of thy woes,
 To some shore, far away from Mortality's sphere:

And there, a gay spirit, 'tis reveling free;
 Where foes never triumph, and friends never mourn;
 While friends are here mourning in sadness for thee,
 And thy body lies waiting its tenant's return.

Return, vagrant sprite, Oh! return to thy home!
 Revive now this sleeper, thus living in death:
 Come back to thy tenement, wanderer, come!
 Lest Nature, exhausted, relinquish the breath.

Oh! Sleeper, thou type of mortality's doom,
 A Power unseen is still guarding thy head;
 Till that Power awake thee, thy couch is thy tomb;
 If that Power should leave thee, the grave is thy bed.

Then, Sleeper, sleep on! thou wilt soon wake again,
 Though this slumber should end in the sleep of the grave,
 Peace—peace to thy spirit! Oh happy! if then
 Thou wakest triumphant o'er death's gloomy wave.

TO COMIS.

WE NE'ER SHALL REGRET THE DAY.

The hour has come, sweet maid,
 When our passion to each is known;
 And the cruel reserve, that so long had staid,
 Forever aside is thrown.

I scarcely could doubt that you loved,
 Though you never had told me so;
 For those signs I saw, that nearly proved
 As much as words could do.

But the glow of your eye so bright,
 And the smile that you did not withhold,
 Ne'er gave me the joy that I felt that night,
 When our mutual love was told.

That night now forever is gone,
 And its bliss we shall ne'er forget;
 But, my love, when we think of what we have done,
 Shall we ever feel regret?

Shall we ever regret the day,
 When an interchange of heart,
 Enabled each to the other to say,
Forever mine thou art?

No, lovely Comis, no,
 That moment shall never be ;
 This plant of affection shall flourish and grow,
 And become a glorious tree !

And its fruit we will pluck when time
 , Shall have made us in years mature ;
 And oh ! the sweets of that fruit sublime,
 Celestial are and pure.

The *heartless* may say, if they please,
 That this world is a world of wo—
 That sorrow and pain, and want of ease,
 Attend us where'er we go :

But oh ! could they taste the bliss,
 Which often to us is given,
 When the pleasure of love's congenial kiss,
 Makes for us a terrestrial Heaven.

Then, surely, with bosoms glad,
 They would drop their philosophy,
 And own, with us, there are joys to be had,
 In this world of vanity.

Then come with me, my love ;
 Sweet shall pass our lives away ;
 And the myrtle shall bloom our heads above,
 When their clustering locks are gray.

Together through life we'll go,
 And its joys and sorrows share ;
 We'll cull the sweets, this world may know,
 And smile at the frown of care.

And we ne'er shall regret the day,
 When an interchange of heart,
 Enabled each to the other to say,
Forever mine thou art.

TO THE SAME.

Nil, sine te, mei
 Possunt honores.—HORACE.

Once Fame could allure me with promise enticing,
 Inspiring with hopes for a glorious name ;
 But the fair star of Love, in my firmament rising,
 Bedimmed the bright glow of the beacon of Fame.

With a spell of enchantment that beacon once bound me ;
 I did there my fond hopes of futurity see ;
 But that star sheds a far brighter influence round me—
 And all its blest radiance centres in thee !

Though Glory were spreading her bright banner o'er me,
 And crowning my head with her evergreen bays,
 With the light of thy love beaming constant before me,
 I would lightly esteem the fair garlands of praise :—

I would lay down the laurel and take up the myrtle,
 Thou hast wreathed for my brow in a garland so bright ;
 Fame's trumpet might sound, yet the notes of the turtle
 Would inspire in my bosom far greater delight.

What though the dim shades of obscurity cover
 My name from the sight of the learned and the great ;
 If thou alone cherish the name of thy lover,
 Let others forget me—still sweet is my fate.

What though, when the clods of the grave are upon me,
 No stranger may ask where my body was laid ;
 If one tear droppeth there from that eye which hath won me,
 Sweet—sweet is my rest in Oblivion's shade.

FAREWELL.

"Farewell!—a word which must be and hath been,
 A sound which makes us linger—yet, farewell!"—BYRON.

Farewell! the hour has come,
 When I abroad must roam—
 Where, who can tell?
 Alas! I only know
 That I from thee must go,
 For Fate has told us so—
 Comis, farewell!

Farewell! I almost feel
 My courage from me steal—
 My heart rebel
 Against the firm decree;
 But no—it must not be,
 I tear myself from thee;
 Dearest, farewell!

Farewell! sweet scenes have fled,
 Joys of the past are dead,
 And tolled their knell:
 Tears in the eye that start,
 Alone relieve the smart,
 Within each bursting heart—
 Dearest, farewell!

Farewell! the past doth seem
 Some lovely pleasant dream,
 Remembered well;
 And parting now from thee,
 Is waking but to see
 Its sweet reality—
 Dearest, farewell!

Farewell! we oft have met,
 To part with sweet regret—
 Knowing full well,
 That ere Sol's flying feet
 Thrice round the world could fleet,
 We two again should meet—
 Dearest, farewell!

Farewell! for now *we part!*
 Long months my aching heart
 From thee shall dwell;
 But oh! fond Memory
 Shall waft me aye to thee—
 I *know* thou lovest me—
 Comis, farewell!

A SWEET DECEPTION.

As once I sat my love beside,
 Time fled away on wings of bliss;
 And as he passed, I heard him chide
 My lingering; then a parting kiss
 I gave the maid, and sighed—‘Ah! when,
 My Comis, shall we meet again?’

The while I spoke, my bosom burned,
 And grief and love were in my eye;
 Yet the dear maiden coldly turned,
 And this to me her strange reply,—
 (Methought in words of feigned disdain,)
 “Would that we *ne’er* might meet again!”

‘Well, scornful maid, thou wishest well!
 And thou canst have thy wish at once!’
 I quickly said—when gently fell,
 From her soft lips this sweet response—
 “Then can you love, *for aye remain*,
 So we may *never meet again!*”

ACROSTIC.

My thoughts shall backward stray to thee,
 As messengers of memory,
 Revisiting, on pinions bright,
 Youth's happiest hours—gone like a meteor light.

Joy be with thee, thou gentle one,
 And sometimes think of me when gone ;
 No brighter gift I ask of thee—
 Enough the tender boon of memory.

A LAMENT FOR AUTUMN.

Now, fading Nature, o'er thy charms so meek,
 Like pale Consumption on fair Beauty's cheek,
 Stern Autumn holds his sway :
 The cruel ravisher thy lovely form
 Has rudely stripped of every brighter charm,
 That made thy youth so gay.

Thy Spring has fled, with all her odorous flowers,
 And Sadness sits in thy sweet fairy-bowers,
 Where pleasure fondly dwelt :
 Thou now hast laid aside thy Summer-dress
 For Autumn's shroud ; and o'er thy loneliness,
 The eyes of Sorrow melt.

Yet thou art lovely—lovely as the maid,
 Whose sylph-like form the hand of Death has laid
 Upon her lowly bier :
 Yes, thou art passing beautiful, and I
 Do love thy faded beauties, though my eye
 Must drop a mournful tear.

I've ever paid my fond devoirs to thee,
 As to a sentient spirit ; and to see
 Thy features languish so—
 It fills my youthful breast with rising grief ;
 And Joy's fond warblings ne'er can bring relief,
 To check my pensive wo.

I'll hasten to some forest grot, and there,
 Where streamlets spread soft music on the air,
 In murmurs low and faint,
 I'll sit me down ; and while the sighing gale
 Whispers above my head its mournful tale,
 I'll sing my sad complaint.

I'll mourn drear Autumn's desolating power,
 And all his train of griefs, that dimly lower
 Around in doleful gloom ;
 And while sad willows gently round me wave,
 Like some fond lover o'er his fair one's grave,
 I'll sigh o'er Nature's doom.

Autumn, thy sadness, which I love so well,
 Thy sighing groves, thy yellow leaves—all tell
 Of Time's destructive power ;—
 Tell how our passing days are flitting by,
 Like fairy-lights upon the northern sky,
 In midnight's silent hour.

Oh! may the moments of each youthful year,
 Be spent for him alone, who gave us here
 Our fleeting, transient breath :
 So when the Autumn of our day shall come,
 Our souls may be prepared for that sweet home,
 Beyond the wave of Death.

TO COMIS.

"'Twas a moment for earth too supremely divine,
 And while life lasts, its sweetness shall cling round me still."
 J. G. PERCIVAL.

Full many a place has hallowed been
 To us, since first we met,
 By sacred mem'ries ling'ring there,
 Of joys we ne'er forget.
 Thus mem'ry haunts that lovely spot,
 And will, till life shall flee,
 Where once we spent a happy hour,
 Beneath that Balsam Tree.

The sun had set behind the hill,
 The twinkling stars above
 Shone down on us, that happy eve,
 Like vestal fires of love.
 Soft summer breezes lightly sigh'd
 Its branches through, while we
 Our blissful passion told again,
 Beneath that Balsam Tree.

The time's gone by—as we have said
 Of each hour gone before,—
 And memory the happy scene
 Will fondly ponder o'er:
 And when I'm far from that loved spot,
 And far away from thee,
 I'll sigh for that blest hour again,
 Beneath that Balsam Tree!

The time's gone by; thus we shall say
 Soon of the present hour;
 And let it go—we ask it not
 To make its journey slower;
 For hope is pointing to a time,
 Which Hope alone can see—
 A happier time than that we spent
 Beneath that Balsam Tree.

THINKING OF THEE.

“Nature all
 Wears to the lover's eye, a look of love.”—THOMSON.

Bright Phœbus had gone, his sweet Clytie to meet,
 In her bower far off in the ocean;
 And evening came forth from her noon-day retreat,
 Where she hid from diurnal commotion.
 She placidly smiled on the languishing earth,
 Now clothed in her rich summer vest;
 • And the zephyr, on odorous pinion, led forth
 From its far distant home in the west.

The twilight was flitting along the blue sky,
 Like the tint of some fair-fading flower,
 And the evening star sweetly looked down from on high,
 As Love from a ruby-decked bower.
 The scene was most fair, to my eye and my heart,
 As Nature is ever to me;
 But far more of sweetness it then did impart,
 Because I was thinking of thee.

To the moon Philomela was singing her song,
 As she sat on the low-bending willow;
 And the vesper-wind sighed, as it flitted along,
 Like a sound from the far ocean-billow.
 The grove murmured forth its soft note on the gale,
 As the breeze played its branches among,
 And sweetly it chimed with the sound from the vale,
 Where the cricket his roundelay sung.

The murmuring stream, on its low summer lute,
 A ridotto for evening was playing,
 Sweeter far than the notes of the shepherd's soft flute,
 O'er plains of the east nightly straying.
 Sweet sounds! my rapt spirit fain lingered to hear,
 That evening, their rich melody;
 But softer and sweeter they fell on my ear,
 Because I was thinking of thee.

Mild Nature has ever a charm for my eye,
 Wherever her beauty is glowing,
 Whether stars glitter bright from their station on high,
 Or brooks from the mountain are flowing.

But since *thou* hast met me, wherever I rove,
 Some reflection from thee seems to be ;
 And dearer by far are the scenes that I love—
 My Comis, I'm thinking of thee !

ODE TO JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Hail, fearless one, whose dauntless voice hath been
 The loud alarm-note to a slumbering land ;
 Whose prophet-tones fair Freedom's scattered band
 Have heard, and rallied round her flag serens !
 No *bardling* thou, effeminately fed
 Upon the lap of Pleasure ;—Liberty,
 With deep maternal fondness, nourished thee,
 And kept her nightly vigils round thy head,
 While lowly pillowed on its cradle-bed :

And while she cherished thee with fond delight
 And hope, into thy infant bosom she
 Inspired her own blest soul, ordaining thee
 To be her own Magician, robed in might.
 So when maturity had clothed thy form,
 Thy powerful hand caught up her magic lyre,
 And swept its strings with such ecstatic fire,
 That patriot-bands, urged by the mighty charm,
 Rose up with hearts for Freedom's contest warm.

The tyrant, as he held the cruel red
 Above his victim, heard thy harp so bold,
 And stood aghast with terror ; for it told
 His conscience of his trade in tears and blood.
 And soon the slave, in chains of infamy,
 Will hear ; and, starting from his long—long sleep
 Of slavery, lethargical and deep,
 He'll raise his sable arm in majesty,
 And tell a world—*My Maker made me free?*

The patriot long had shed his mournful tear,
 In sad despair for his loved country's doom ;
 Hope's light had nearly fled, and awful gloom
 Alone seemed hovering round in darkness drear.
 But when he heard thy soul-reviving strain,
 Upon his brow unwonted pleasure beamed :
 He saw, by faith, his guilty land redeemed
 From Slavery's blighting and unholy stain,
 As Hope held forth her cheering lamp again.

Enrolled in records of thy country's fame,
 Embalmed in tears which Gratitude must give—
 Bold Whittier, thy memory shall live.
 Though now reproach be heaped upon thy name,
 Yet, when the poisoned tongue of Calumny
 Is still, and thou art in thy peaceful grave,
 Where weeping willows silent o'er thee wave—
 Then a repentant land will mourn for thee,
 As the firm guardian of her liberty.

STORM AT NATCHEZ—MAY, 1840.

When the fierce demon of the storm breaks forth,
 (Long bound by Mercy, in his gloomy den,)
To scatter ruin o'er the smiling earth,
 In vengeance on the guilty sons of men—
'Tis terrible; and crowded cities quail
 Before the fury of his angry breath;
Art's proudest mansions totter, and the wail
 Of men goes direful from the scene of death!

But ah! what marvel that he bursts his chain,
 In stern obedience to his Sire's command,
And leads in terror all his horrid train—
 Wo, death, destruction—o'er your guilty land?
The groaning of your captives breaks his sleep,
 The sounding of the lash arouses him!
He struggles fiercely in his "donjon keep,"
 Justice unbinds—forth stalks the monster grim!

What marvel if that storm of fire should come,
 Which brought Gomorrah's sons a sulphurous grave,
And rage till it had whelmed each lofty dome,
 Beneath another Dead Sea's sluggish wave?
Why! blacker crimes than Sodom ever knew,
 Distain your soil, on which Oppression treads,
And loudly call to Heaven for vengeance due,
 In justice strict on the oppressor's heads!

Had no more *righteous men* with you been found,
 Than Sodom held, in her dread overthrow,
 God had not spared your slave-polluted ground ;
 Your plains had reeked with brimstone, long ago !
 The prayers of saints and groans of slaves arise ;
 Both reach the Great Eternal's ear ; but when
 Kind Mercy intercedes, her weeping eyes
 Prevail with justice for the "*righteous ten*."

Then rouse, ye saints, your energies of prayer !
 If Slavery holds not now his blighting sway
 Within your languid souls—if, lingering there,
 One spark of love for freedom burneth—pray !
 Pray, sons of Liberty, who love the slave,
 Who love your God, or land that gave you birth—
 Pray ! lest her crimes shall dig her fiery grave,
 And blot her from the nations of the earth !

WEEP FOR THE SLAVE.

Ye sons of Folly, who complain
 Of sorrow and unnumbered woes,
 Although incurred by use profane
 Of gifts which God bestows,—
 Forget awhile your selfish care ;
 Think of the captive's iron chain ;
 And then, if ye have tears to spare,
 Weep for *his* pain.

Frail man, forget your empty grief
 For hopes that have forever gone ;
 They're stolen from you, but the thief
 Is e'en yourself alone ;—
 Oh ! think of one whose weary eye
 Ne'er saw a hope but in his grave ;
 And then, if pity prompts a sigh,
 Weep for the slave.

Think of his toil and pain by day,
 His bitter tears at midnight shed ;
 Think of the dreams of wo that play
 Around his slumbering head :
 Think of his heart, with anguish torn ;
 Think of his cold, dishonored grave—
 And then, if Sorrow bids you mourn,
 Weep for the slave.

His Maker gave to him his life,
 Affection's gentle bliss to know ;
 He loves his child, he loves his wife,
 Who shares his cup of wo ;—
 Behold him forced from these to part,
 To meet no more, this side the grave ;
 And then, if love e'er reached *your* heart,
 Weep for the slave.

Behold him naked and distressed,
 A fugitive from slavery—
 By hunger and by cold oppressed,
 In search of liberty :

By *men* and dogs and bloody steel,
 Behold him hunted to his grave;
 And then, if you've a heart to feel,
 Weep for the slave.

Oh Thou, whose eyelid never sleeps,
 Who guardest all thy creatures here,
 Whose pity moves, when Sorrow weeps—
 Behold the captive's tear!
 To Thee we look, thou Sovereign Lord,
 Thy arm is mighty, it can save;
 Arise, and speak the heavenly word,
 And free the slave!

TO HIRAM WILSON.

Thou generous-hearted man! what wreath of praise,
 What sacred chaplet shall we twine for thee?
 The warrior's laurel would not grace thy brow;
 'Tis stained with blood—sure 'tis not meet for thee!
 The Muse's garland may seem bright and fair,
 Yet, 'tis impure, unchaste, compared with thine.
 The brightest wreath an angel can bestow,
 Shall crown thee for thy generous love to man!

He who forsakes his fondest earthly joy—
 The sacred ties of kindred and of home—
 And bears the news of mercy o'er the main,
 Wears out his life beneath a sultry sky,

And leaves his bones upon a heathen soil—
 He hath performed a glorious work of love ;
 And truly he shall have his blest reward.
 And yet, methinks thy self-denying task
 Has greater been than his ; for he goes forth,
 Supplied from the rich coffers of the church :
 Christians extol him as one loved of God,
 And even *worldlings* call him great and good.
 But thou hast gone, trusting alone in God
 And the few friends of wronged humanity :
 The world, for thy benevolence, has given
 Its slander, its reproach, its vilest scorn ;
 And (shameful truth !) e'en *Christians* give to thee
 The name, *Fanatic*, for thy holy zeal !
 One can withstand an enemy's disdain,
 Can bear his weapons of reproach and scorn :
 But to be wounded thus by *ingrate friends*,
 Oh, 'tis the darkest shade of cruelty !
 Yet, thou hast borne it ; and thy kind return
 Has been, for curses, blessings ; love for hate,
 And meek forgiveness for ingratitude.

God speed thee, noble one ! thy work of love
 Will soon be done, and thou shalt enter on
 Thy promise rest : and when thy head is laid
 Upon the pillow of life's peaceful sleep,
 The African shall weep above thy tomb ;
 And his warm tear of gratitude shall make
 Thy grave a sacred spot. Philanthropy
 Will mourn the loss of her best champion,
 And Liberty will weep when thou art gone.

TO THE MOON IN ECLIPSE.

Pale Moon, that walkest on thy lonely way,
 And keep'st thy vigils, while earth gently sleeps,
 Why is that cloud of sadness o'er thee? say,
 Why hast thou hid thy face as one that weeps?

That face, as if in joy, is wont to glow;
 Thy radiant smile can cheer night's sullen gloom:—
 But now dark grief hangs over thee, as though,
 Pale maiden, thou wert shrouded for the tomb.

Sure, one like thee, so innocent and fair,
 No pain and sorrow of her own can know:
 Thy heart can never feel the touch of care;—
 Then art thou weeping for another's wo?

While watching nightly o'er the slumbering earth,
 Have sights of anguish grieved thy gentle breast?
 While pleasure slept—while hushed the voice of mirth—
 Hast heard the sighs of those by grief oppressed?

Thou seem'st to gaze, while roaming through the sky,
 Upon our guilty land, America—
 Hast here beheld those sights of misery,
 Which night fain covers from the gaze of day?

Hast thou beheld the slave, unsoothed by sleep,
 Tossing in anguish on his bed of pain?
 Hast seen the mother for her offspring weep—
 Torn from her arms and bound in Slavery's chain?

Hast seen the lonely captive, as he lies
 From the dark soil Oppression loves to tread—
 Naked and hungry, while the night-wind sighs
 Coldly above the sod he makes his bed?

Hast seen the Indian, driven from his home,
 An exile from the scenes his childhood blest—
 Now slumbering where the prairie-breezes roam,
 Among the dreary regions of the west?

Hast thou beheld the injured Seminole
 Upon some dark morass; where, with their rack,
 Fear and distress are torturing his soul,
 While loud the blood-hound bays upon his track?

If so, what marvel that thou hid'st thy face?
 What marvel that thy tears flow fast and free?
 Weep—if with one so pure, grief finds a place—
 Weep, gentle Cynthia, I will weep with thee!

LINES TO A SMALL CASCADE.

[This cascade is situated in the vicinity of Stockbridge Academy. It is usually dry in the summer, but in the fall and spring a considerable stream of water passes over the rocks.]

Thou wild cascade, whose joyful murmurs spread
 Such lovely music on the vernal air,
 List while I sing to thee my humble song.
 Thou hast, indeed, a most melodious tongue,

If we may judge by that enchanting voice,
 And thus 'twould seem thou also hast an ear :
 Then list ; and I will sing of thee what thou
 (If thou, too, lovest praise) wilt fondly hear..

Fortune, forsooth, has dealt with thee most basely ;
 She never gave thee bards to sing thy beauties.
 (Except, perhaps, such *pseudo-bards* as I am,)
 Nor has she ever given thee a name,
 Or told, beyond this sweet and lowly vale,
 That thou in truth dost even have existence..
 But yet thou art a *Dwarf Niagara* ;
 And *dwarfs*, in point of fame, are great as *giants* !
 Then hast not Fortune been most treacherous,
 That she has never given *thee* a fame ?

When Spring returns, in lovely majesty,
 And decks with joy the smiling scene around thee,
 Thou greetest her with thy most cheering song.
 Thou seemest happy, at her glad return,
 And fillest all the woods with melody.
 When summer hangs her glorious sky above thee,
 And spreads her balmy breath on every breeze,
 Thy voice which rang so loudly, then is mute :
 Thou flingest over thee thy fairest robe,
 To pass her pleasing reign in gentle silence,
 Wreathing thy brow with honey-suckles fair,
 While down thy sides the sweetest flowers bloom..
 The forest trees, with branches thickly twined,
 Shut, from thy silent depth, the light of heaven ;
 And there the wild fox makes his rocky home :
 While over head, among the leafy boughs,
 The summer birds their ditties sweetly sing.

Again, when Autumn spreads his mournful gloom,
 Thou breakest forth into a sadder strain.
 Thy murmur'ing waters sing the funeral song
 For Summer's happy reign; and while the wind,
 In hollow whispering, sighs among the trees,
 That wailing voice sends forth a wild farewell!
 But when chill Winter comes, and Nature sleeps,
 As if in death's oblivious glumber laid,
 Thy warbling melody is ceased again:
 And while the earth in sadness dreary sits,
 Thou weep'st faintly, o'er her loneliness;
 And on thy snowy rocks, thy falling tears
 Congeal, as mournful tokens of thy sorrow.
 And thus, while all the seasons pass their round,
 Thou still remainest in thy forest home,
 Bearing to each a greeting as they pass—
 Rejoicing gay, or mourning o'er the scene.

Thou murmuring waterfall, there linger round
 Thy rocky form, some pleasing memories:
 And while I ramble here, my musing thought
 Is backward fondly turned, to those glad hours,
 Which recollection ever holds so dear.
 It may be deemed my folly, thus to love
 Those boyish moments I have wasted round thee,
 But thus it is, and thus it e'er must be.

I well remember, that when but a boy,
 In all the gayety of happy childhood,
 It was my fondest joy to wander here,
 And stray among thy sweet, romantic scenes.
 I knew not what, indeed, it was that charmed me;
 Whether it was thy wildly-dashing water,

Or thy menacing rocks, o'erhanging high,
 Or those sweet honey-suckles, blooming fair
 Upon thy brow, and down thy rugged cliffs ;—
 I knew not what it was—I only knew
 My childish heart was glad—and 'twas enough.
 And I would linger 'neath thy jutting brow,
 Musing on some old legend told of thee—
 Of beasts of prey, that made their dark abode
 Within this wild and solitary dell—
 Until my boyish fears became alarmed,
 And fancy heard some prowling footstep near,
 Of wolf awaiting me with anxious jaws ;
 And, upwards casting suddenly my eye,
 That hanging rock above seemed tottering,
 To fall anon upon my head and crush me :
 And then I'd hasten out with trembling step,
 And, by a rugged path circuitous,
 Would reach thy summit ; there awhile to stand,
 And gaze adown thy depth with cautious glance.

My recollection fondly hurries on,
 From that blest season, to one fairer still—
 That gay and joyous time, when Hope and Love
 Walk hand in hand with Youth, through fairy paths
 All strew'd with flowers, where everypassing sound
 Is melody, with scarce a note of sorrow.
 And while I view, in retrospection sweet,
 The lovely dawning of Youth's vernal morn,
 My mem'ry gladly lingers o'er that hour,
 When, with my Coma, on thy brow I stood,
 And gaily feigned that I would throw her thence ;
 When if, by some sad chance, her foot had slipped,
 And she had found a grave among thy rocks,

I should have longed to dash myself there too,
 That I might sweetly sleep with her forever.
 Some years have flitted on their rapid way,
 And yet I dearly love that maiden still :
(I tell thee, for I know thou'lt keep my secret!)
 And when I cease to love her gentle name,
 It will be time my recreant heart were lying
 Cold 'neath some desert sod, where worms may gnaw it.

Full many a school-boy ramble have I had
 To this fond spot, while at yon sacred dome,
 That in the distance rears its cupola,
 I yet pursued my academic toils.
 My friend (*in truth*, a friend) and I once strayed
 Away from our laborious study-room,
 And left awhile our Virgil's classic page,
 To recreate our minds with Nature's scenes.
 And when we reached this rugged precipice,
 With ardent toil, a log of monstrous size,
 We rolled from distance far, close to the brink :
 And when at length we gaily let it fall,
 Bounding from rock to rock, through air on high,
 In many a bold, majestic curve, at last
 It reached the bushy dingle far below.
 It was indeed a passing glorious sight,
 To see that huge and sluggish log of wood,
 Bounding adown the rocks into that dell,
 With airy sweep, so like a thing of life.
 When that sublime and mighty forest tree
 Was standing, like some giant of the mountain,
 Waving in air so high, its noble limbs,
 'Mong which the eagle might have made his home,
 Who would have thought, that on some future day,

'Twould make such lovely sport for merry school-boys.
 Henry, when shall we lose the memory
 Of that delightful hour? Not soon, I ween :
 Nor yet of that, when with those bright-eyed girls
 We rambled here, to view these beauteous scenes ;
 And learned, that beauty on a fair one's brow
 Sits sweeter far, when Nature spreads around
 Her sterner and yet lovely lineaments
 Of grace and beauty, found throughout her works.

Oh! all these hours are dear to memory :
 And now, when they have gone—forever gone,
 Although they were but boyish hours—at best,
 Short respites from the daily cares of life,
 I almost sigh that they return no more.
 But let them go !—and thou, my wild cascade,
 Farewell ! my artless song must cease, and I
 Must leave this fancy-haunted spot.
 My feet perhaps will wander here no more,
 And I shall spend my life afar from thee,
 And only visit thee in gentle dreams,
 Or in the airy flight of Memory.
 Then fare thee well ! peace be with thy sweet rocks,
 Thy murmuring waters, and thy flow'rets fair.
 Still may the autumn dirge be sung by thee ;
 Still may the spring be welcomed with thy lay :
 Sweet may the honey-suckles bloom around thee,
 When Summer's balmy breath is gently blowing :
 And if my joyous feet may tread no more
 Upon these lovely rocks—then fare thee well !
 A long adieu to thee, thou wild cascade !

THE TWO SISTERS.

Two flowers had bloomed, on a single stem,
Each fair to the eye as a bridal gem ;
 And they stood in a lovely valley,
Where the dews of even were sweetly shed,
And the zephyr's breath its fragrance spread,
 In many a gentle sally.

And fairer they grew each vernal day,
And hope was promising that decay
 Should visit the blossoms never ;
Till the breath of autumn should rudely blow,
And the wintry blasts should lay them low,
 To sleep in the dust forever.

But the Angel of Death roamed through the vale,
And saw the flowers so sweet and frail,
 In their lovely beauty growing :
And one he plucked from its tender stalk,
Where it stood beside the flowery walk,
 With the roses brightly glowing.

He bore it away from its vernal bed,
In the sky above its perfume to shed,
 And bloom in some heavenly bower ;
And he left its mourning sister here :
And the morning dew-drop seemed the tear
 Of the pale and weeping flower.

The breath of the zephyr it still perfumed,
 And still in its virgin beauty bloomed,
 On the stalk so rudely riven :
 But sad was its look, as if waiting the day,
 When the angel would bear its form away,
 To bloom with its sister in heaven.

"THE SPIRIT AND THE BRIDE SAY, COME."

Come ! if thy heart in vain
 Has sought a resting here ;
 If earth's a home of pain,
 Where nought to thee is dear—
 Come ! there's a rest
 Prepared for thee,
 Where thou mayst be
 Forever blést.

Come ! if the friends are gone,
 That once were round thee gay ;
 And thou art left alone,
 In weariness to stray,
 Come ! there's a friend
 For thee above,
 Whose lasting love
 Shall never end.

Come! if earth's joy has fled,
 And left thee comfortless;
 If grief for thee has shed
 Its cup of bitterness—
 Come! there's a joy
 For thee in heaven,
 Where bliss is given
 Without alloy.

Come! if thy way has been
 In guilt's disgraceful road,
 And, weary now of sin,
 Thou pine'st 'neath the load—
 Come, in thy shame!
 Forgiveness free
 Is offered thee,
 In Jesus' name.

THE CONQUEROR'S WREATH.

On Death's black field a flower-plant grew,
 Which the demon had planted, where it stood;
 And broad were its leaves, and dark its hue,
 For the place where it stood was enriched with blood.

On the self-same spot had a lover died,
 By the war-god laid in his final rest;
 And his faithful bride had, weeping, sighed
 Her life away on his bleeding breast.

It flourished well, for the dew that fell,
 On the fatal plain where it sprung and grew,
 Was the sweat of the conquered, who fought so well,
 And the tear of the widow and orphan too.

The sighs of the famishing in despair,
 Waved it to and fro, like a zephyr's breath;
 And its odor, sent forth on the reeking air,
 Like the Upas-breath, was the scent of death.

And when its branches were spread afar,
 And blossoms were now upon every bough,
 'Twas plucked by the hand of the demon War,
 And twined in a wreath for the Conqueror's brow.

SONNET I.

Oh! how I love these old romantic woods,
 Where wild winds make their sport! A gentle feeling,
 Like some soft dream, sweet through my bosom stealing,
 Come o'er me as I roam these solitudes.
 Here sacred quiet finds a holy spot,
 Where, musing on the future, she may see
 Calm visions of a bright eternity,
 Earth's turbulence and sorrow all forgot.
 A spirit's tone seems wafted to my ear,
 On each soft gale that gently sighs along:
 Some unseen melody is wandering near,
 Enrapt'ring me as with a seraph's song.
 A sound comes forth, from each high-waving limb,
 That tells me God is here, and bids me worship him.

SONNET II.

'Tis Sabbath evening, and the radiant sun
Is slowly sinking in the lovely west.
All nature now has sought a holy rest,
As musing o'er the sacred moments gone.
My spirit now, from worldly passions free,
Would fain partake of such a heavenly calm :
And while I sigh and mourn for what I am,
I'd pray to God for what I long to be.
Then flee, ye vain and worldly thoughts, away !
Like spectres haunt ye me, this solemn hour ?
Away ! and let me close this sacred day,
In adoration of my Maker's power :
Flee ! while yon twilight glows so sweetly there,
I fain would lift my heart to God in prayer.

SONNET III.

Why, Poverty, thou withered hag, ah ! why
Hast thou thus laid thy bony hand upon me ?
What couldst have seen in me, that thou hast won me,
To glare upon me with thy fiendish eye ?
Since first fair childhood spread its flowers before me,
Thy blighting touch has chilled my fondest hopes :
And still my youthful arm, unequal, copes
With that same fiend that sheds her influence o'er me.

Beldame, begone ! thou aimest at my spirit,
 To blast the buddings of my youthful soul :
 But know thou, sorceress, that I inherit
 Something within that brooks not thy control :
 Then why wouldst fash me with thy scorpion, *want* !
 I tell thee once again, grim hag, avaunt !

SONNET IV.

All nature sleeps ; 'tis midnight's solemn hour ;
 And Silence deep and still Repose again
 Hold sceptre o'er the busy haunts of men.
 I only waking, feel the gentle power,
 Which Night, in solitary loveliness,
 Holds o'er my spirit, with a fond delight.
 'Twas at this silent hour that pensive White,
 His youthful bosom filled with loneliness,
 Was wont to woo his gentle muse's sway,
 And tune his mournful harp to notes of sadness.
 Dim Night, thou wast his joy—his sweeter day ;
 Thy stillness bore to him a tone of gladness :
 To him benignly thou didst ever bring
 Fancy's sweet treasure, 'neath thy sable wing.

SONNET V.

On reading the following lines of Henry K. White.

"Fifty years hence, and who will think of Henry ?
Oh ! none ; another busy brood of beings
Will shoot up in the interim, and none
Will hold him in remembrance."

Young bard, that ill-presaging muse of thine
That saw Oblivion raise its dreary pall
To shroud thy name, was unprophetical.
Too long that muse had knelt at Sorrow's shrine ;
Her shadow darkly o'er thy life was cast,
And e'en the future, taking thence its hue
A gloomy void presented to thy view.
And now those "fifty years" are nearly past ;
But art thou, youthful bard, forgotten ? No !
The breathings of thy harp are echoing still.
Who has not heard its murmurs as they flow,
Sweet as the warbling of the mountain rill ?
Thine is the poet's fame, that never dies—
The Christian's fame that lives beyond the skies.

SONNET VI.

Written on hearing that a certain church had refused to permit an anti-slavery agent to lecture in their meeting-house.

Religion, now put on thy weeds of mourning,
 And in hot tears thy radiant eye-lids steep!
 Saints, turn your mournful eyes away and weep,
 While blushes on your cheeks with shame are burning!
 Would that your sighs could drown th' unholy strain,
 Which from our foes, in hellish joy will rise:
 Would that the tears, fast-falling from your eyes,
 Could wash from Zion's fame the cursed stain!
 But ah! 'tis done—the horrid deed is done!
 The church, approving, *smiles on slavery!*
 The sad recording-angel, with a groan,
 Notes down the dreadful crime;—and can there be
 An expiation which God will receive?
 My Father, God, the awful sin forgive.

THE MAIDEN FROM AFAR.

[Translated from the German of Schiller.]

In a low vale where shepherds dwelt,
 There came, with each returning year,
 When first the lark began his song,
 A maiden wonderful and fair.

She was not born within the vale ;
 The shepherds knew not whence she came ;
 And when she went, no trace was left,
 Except the memory of her name.

Her presence filled each heart with bliss ;
 Yet so divine her graceful air,
 They loved her not as one of earth,
 But as a goddess, mild and fair.

She brought with her from other fields,
 The sweetest fruits and fairest flowers,
 That grew beneath another sun,
 In a more genial clime than ours.

She gave to every one a gift,
 Of fruits or flowers that deck the glen :
 Gay Youth, and Age upon his staff,
 Went loaded to their home again.

Welcome to her was every guest ;
 But when she saw a loving pair,
 To them she gave her brightest gifts—
 To them her flowers most sweet and fair.

TO D. H. F.

And is it true thou cravest not
 The monument which Glory rears,
 Content thy name should be forgot,
 Hid in the shade of future years ?

Has Fame's sweet voice no rapturous tone?
 The laurel wreath no beauty fair?
 Hast thou surveyed Oblivion,
 And couldst thou slumber sweetly there?

But I'll not chide—tho' thou mayst be
 Buried in a forgotten grave,
 Yet, thou art happier now than he
 Tossed on Ambition's fiery wave.

His anxious fears have never been
 Like spectres in thy dreamy rest;
 His raging passion-storm within
 Has ne'er disturbed thy peaceful breast.

Thou askest not that they who live
 Beyond the dark and billowy sea,
 When thou art gone, to thee should give
 The guerdon of their memory.

When thou art lying, cold and low,
 Beneath the flow'rets of the glen,
 And Friendship's tear has ceased to flow,
 Thou wouldst not be remembered then.

Thou wishest none to speak thy name,
 When loved ones hear that sound no more:
 Vain were the heartless voice of Fame,
 If Friendship's parting sigh were o'er.

Well, Henry, 'tis a generous thought;
 And Friendship's tear shall warmer be
 For thy fond wish, though Fame should not
 Rear monuments of praise to thee.

For me, though I have longed to wear
 Upon my brow, the wreath of Fame,—
 Though I have longed his voice to hear
 Sounding aloud my humble name—

Yet, when with dust my ashes blend,
 When gone our friendship's happy days,—
 Sweeter one sigh of thine, my friend,
 Than e'en the sweetest voice of praise.

SONG.

Come o'er the lea, my love, with me,
 The breeze is floating balmily ;
 For Spring again comes o'er the main,
 And flow'rets deck the dewy plain.
 Then come with me ; we'll pluck the flowers,
 And breathe again the vernal air ;
 And we'll forget our weary hours—
 Forget we are a friendless pair.

Come o'er the lea, my love, with me,
 The cuckoo calls from out the tree,
 The turtle dove beside his love,
 Sings sweetly in the echoing grove.
 Then come with me ; their song shall hush
 Within our hearts each throb of pain :
 The happy robin and the thrush
 Shall teach us happiness again.

My Comis, come! Oh might we roam,
 And find for us a woodland home;
 In some sweet dell, we two would dwell,
 And bid the heartless world farewell.
 There cold Disdain would ne'er intrude,
 And Scorn and Envy be forgot;
 And blighting Care would be subdued,
 For Love would bless our sylvan cot.

 ERRATA.

Page 19, line 24th, *for with* read *while*.

" 42, line 20th, for *spirits*, read *spirit*.

" 79, line 4th for *day* read *days*.

" 88, line 24th, for *promise* read *promised*.

" 94 + 13th + 2nd "friend" "no" "no"



